

# *The* American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

NOVEMBER

1927



JOAN ESLEY

A Mystery Story by AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

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#### THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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*Postum* is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

#### SUBJECTS AND PRIZES

1. "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."
2. "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made my way."
3. "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."  
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and third subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for second subject.

#### RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to P. O. Box 594—R, Battle Creek, Michigan.
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928. This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.)



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# READING



THERE are books for reading once, to "pass the time", and books that you read over and over again. Have you more of one kind or of the other on your own library shelves? Is it mere "passing the time" to get acquainted with such real people as the Carleton family and Anne Lewis's southern cousins? Or should all of your reading be all poetry and history and classics? You will be thinking about these things in your magazine contest. Think of them in buying your own books as well. The Macmillan lists always present a "balanced ration."

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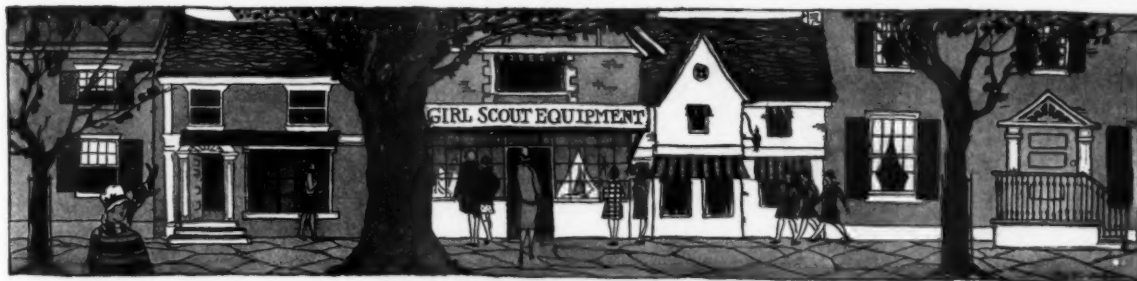
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Haven't you been wishing you could have some of your favorite AMERICAN GIRL stories in a book of your own? Well, here is the book, in the gayest, merriest cover imaginable! It is called *Girl Scout Stories*, and Helen Ferris, our own editor, chose the stories that went into it. Of course Helen Ferris knows which stories you have liked best because so many of you have written to her and told her so. And when, two years ago, we published the first volume of *Girl Scout Stories* (also a collection of AMERICAN GIRL favorites) hundreds of girls read it and promptly wrote in asking for another book like it. This second book is the answer.

Every one of these authors have stories in this book—Augusta Huiell Seaman, Jane Abbott, Ralph Henry Barbour, Constance Lindsay Skinner, Samuel Scoville, Jr., Thomson Burtis, Clarice Detzer, Mary Frances Shuford (yes, Midge!), and ever so many more.

And there are mystery stories and adventure stories and boarding school stories and funny stories—every kind you like best you will find in this book.

Helen Ferris says that the readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL helped make this book just as you help make the magazine because so many of you entered our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest last year and told her just which stories you had liked best. This year's What-I-Wish Contest has just ended and who knows but that you will be one of the editors of our next Girl Scout story book if you sent in your ballot and your letter.

Where can you buy this new book, *Girl Scout Stories*? From our National Equipment Department and the price is just two dollars. It will make the nicest birthday or Christmas present that you could find and as for having it in your troop library, from this time on, no troop library will be complete without it!

May Lamberton Becker, our book editor, tells you what she thinks about it on our book page this month. So this is an extra-special announcement.

And watch for the announcement of the results of the Contest.

M. M.



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# Along the Editor's Trail

**H**AVE you started a library of your own? I do hope you have. It is such fun, as you grow older, to have your own books around you. When I look at my library today, it seems to me there is nothing which tells me so much about the girl I have been, at different times, as the books which I have bought or which were given to me every year since I can remember.

Here are my bird books—how I did love getting them! For of all the things which I used to do when I was in high school, going on “bird walks,” as we called them, was one of my favorites. My best friend was the daughter of the weather observer and he, too, loved the birds and would take us out to the sandy islands of the Mississippi River to see river birds, or up on the high bluffs to see hill birds. Yes, my bird books here on the shelf remind me of many happy days. And I still use them, too, especially when I go visiting Girl Scout camps.

And here are the books of stories that I have loved through the years, starting with the queer little old-fashioned book which was given to my mother on her fifth birthday and which she gave me on my fifth birthday. It is always fascinating to me, whenever a librarian friend of mine tells me about the books which girls most enjoy reading today, to compare them with this pet shelf of mine. Some of the books are the same—*Little Women*, for instance. Don't you think it interesting that *Little Women* is still one of the most popular books with girls? My mother tells me she loved it when she was a girl. And I certainly did. Do you?

Here are the books from my college days—you can imagine the delightful memories they recall. Here are my poetry books. Do you know, for many years I didn't care for poetry in the least? And then one day my uncle, who loved poetry very much indeed, quoted some to me about the woods and the sky and I suddenly realized that poets had said and were saying the very things which I felt. So, one by one, my poetry books were added to my library—now greatly loved and never left long alone.

It means so much to have my book friends near me. There they are, waiting for me when I wish to take them from their place and read them once more. I never can tell when the mood will come to me for one or the other of them.

Some of them I discovered by myself, browsing in the library or at some book counter—how I do love to browse, peeping into this book or that, as my fancy leads me. But far more of my book friends have come to me because someone has told me about them—my teachers, my father and mother, the girls and the boys whom I have known.

Every girl, today, may have her own library, for many of the finest books that have ever been written are to be had in inexpensive but very attractive editions. Talk with your captain about them, or your librarian or your teacher or your father and mother. Start now. From time to time, add the new book friends that you wish to keep near you.

Your own books—every year they will seem more dear to you.

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HELEN FERRIS, Editor  
CAMILLE DAVIED, Managing Editor

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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### NUMBER 11

An illustration in a decorative Art Deco style. A woman with dark hair in a bun, wearing a light-colored dress and a long beaded necklace, sits on the left, holding an open book. A young child with light hair, wearing a dark dress with a white collar and a flower in their hair, sits on the right, also looking at the book. They are in a room with a window showing a landscape with trees and birds. A bookshelf is visible on the left. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border with a repeating geometric pattern.

## Her Words

By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

My mother has the prettiest tricks  
Of words and words and words.  
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek  
As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine  
Because she loves it so.  
And her own eyes begin to shine  
To hear her stories grow.

We had not dreamed these things were so  
Of sorrow and of mirth.  
Her speech is as a thousand eyes  
Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness,  
Of clouds and stars and birds,  
But made not anything at all  
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth  
With golden shadowings,  
And every common thing they touch  
Is exquisite with wings.

They are as fair as bloom or air,  
They shine like any star,  
And I am rich who learned from her  
How beautiful they are.

*From "The Shoes that Danced"*  
Houghton Mifflin Company

# THE AMERICAN GIRL

*The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts*

Helen Ferris, Editor

November, 1927



"Dresses and play-acting, that's what your mind's set on." Pop glared at Sallie

*Illustrations by W. C. Nims*

*Pop said it was wicked—the fun the other girls enjoyed; that the play-acting was wrong, and who was she to go*

## Ag'in Pop

By LUCY MARCH ROYER

THE LATE afternoon sun sent level rays into the old-fashioned kitchen where

Sallie Bechtel was bending her pretty young head over the weekly darning. Her mother walked heavily from the cupboard to the table, smoothed the red-bordered cloth, and placed the brightly scoured knives and forks for the evening meal.

She might have been thirty or she might have been fifty, for she had always looked the same since Sallie's birth, sixteen years before. Her coarse brown hair was parted in

the middle and drawn to a tight knob at the back. She was motherly and even neat in spite of the fact that the strings of her clean gingham apron were lost through the absence of a waistline and emerged at her back in a stiffly starched bow. She looked through small shell-rimmed spectacles with patient, kindly eyes which rested every now and then on Sallie's golden head. Finally she spoke:

"Now don't you be havin' thoughts ag'in your pop, Sallie. Mebbe he'll say I can get you a new dress with my

chicken money. That'll make up oncet, ain't so, Sallie?"

"But, Mom, I don't seem never to have the dare to do the things the other girls do. Why, Millie Zell is learning to dance. She wouldn't play *Bingo* at the picnic last Saturday. She said it was a dumb game and she didn't feel for it, anyway. Why her pop's superintendent in the Sunday school yet, while our pop's just an elder."

"Now, Sallie, don't you think you can tell your pop what he's to leave you do. He's a good man and knows his duty and he don't believe in these goings-on. There never was nothing like that when he was a boy and it ain't right to him."

"But, oh, Mom, won't you ask him if I can go, just this oncet?"

"You ask him yourself, Sallie. You've been a real

brushed vigorously at the fluffy light ringlets which curled around her ears and forehead.

Exactly on the stroke of six the door opened and Joel Bechtel came in for his supper. He did not speak to his wife or Sallie, but this meant no unusual ill-nature. He put his box of carpenter's tools in the corner and went out to wash in the basin of cold water which Sallie had pumped and left waiting for him on the bench. By the time he had finished she had poured his coffee and the three of them sat down to the table. Joel Bechtel bowed his head while Sallie said grace.

The meal progressed in silence except for the noisy satisfying of Joel Bechtel's appetite. Sallie ate but little and jumped up frequently



When Millie touched her she if to ward off a blow. "Oh, I'm

to wait upon her father and bring him hot coffee. Several times her lips moved as though she was about to speak but she made no sound. Once or twice she looked appealingly at her mother. Finally she began.

"Say, Pop."

"What'd you want now?"

"Say, Pop, ther's going to be—I got two new learners for the organ still. That'll bring me fifty cents a week."

"Huh! Well, don't you spend that money for no foolishness. Just remember I ain't been paid back for your lessons yet." He took a last gulp of coffee from the saucer and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. Sallie looked anxiously at her mother, who nodded her head.

"Say, Pop," she began again. Her voice trembled. "Won't you give me the dare to go to the Hall next week? There's going to be wonderful doin's. Oh, they say—"

"Doin's! Yes, I know what kind of doin's! Regular play-actin' is what it's to be. Something to make people spend! I heard them talking about it at the store."

"But it's for the church, Pop. They're going to get a new carpet for the money. They say the minister's much for it."

"And I tell you I don't care if he is. I stood out ag'in giving to buy one of them pianos for the Sunday school but they got it to spite me. But no child of mine'll make such music in church."

"But, Pop, this is a Bible story with good words to th-

smart girl and worked hard and mebbe he'll give you the dare. He'll soon be in now. You hurry and make the potatoes ready—real nice raw-fried, the way he likes. But mind you wait till he's most e't till you ask him. He always feels better then."

Sallie jumped up and putting her darning box in the accustomed place on the top of the organ hurried about the kitchen. She was an active slender girl and bore no resemblance to her mother. "Sallie favors the Bechtels," her mother was often heard to remark, but even the oldest neighbors who had known Joel Bechtel from childhood could find no trace of resemblance between Sallie's pretty features and her father's square, heavy-jawed face.

"Now go make your hair smooth," Mrs. Bechtel said, when everything was ready. "You know your pop don't like for you to look so strubbly."

Sallie got the brush from the wooden comb-rack which hung on the wall next the roller towel and, after wetting it,

singing. Millie Zell says the woman is coming from the city to train the boys and girls and that it will be just like the high opera that I read about, with wonderful dresses."

"Yes, dresses! That's what your mind's set on." Joel Bechtel shook his pudgy fist, and his hard eyes glared at Sallie. "I've tried to raise you in the fear of God and you got your mind on dresses and play-acting. I work hard and never want no pleasure. There'll be no good end to such doin's. The spenders and the pleasure seekers will be punished. There'll be somepin terrible happen." He opened the door with a jerk. "Mind, Mom, don't you hear to no talk about it. I'm going down to the post-office and I'll soon tell them what I think about such things."

Sallie buried her face in her arms.

"Now you made your pop mad," her mother said. "He's

*jumped and put up her arm as afraid," she said. "I'm going home"*



a good man. Ain't he brought you up nice and sent you to school and give you organ lessons? Why, he often says he might have put you to work over by the factory like your uncle did his girl. He takes all her wages, too, while our Pop leaves you keep a quarter yet sometimes."

"But, oh, Mom, I want to go to the Hall. I ain't never seen no play-actin'. It must be grand. Don't you think Pop might change his mind?"

"No," Mrs. Bechtel shook her head sadly. "He's passed his word. Don't cry. I'll ask him to have the organ moved into the parlor some night and have company. Mebbe he'll leave you set in there when there's no sun to fade the carpet."

"I don't feel for bein' in the parlor. It's too lonesome. None of the girls or boys'll come, bein's Pop's so mad all the time."

"Och, Sallie, that's talkin' ag'in your pop. He's a good man and he says he's trying to raise you right. I don't know what the world's going to bring. There never was such doin's when we were young. People made big funerals and went to church, but there wasn't nothing like this. I felt for pleasure sometimes, too, but it was wicked and so I ain't never had any. Now hurry, Sallie, help me reddy up and get your sewing before your pop comes in. He don't like to see us not bein' smart."

The next day when Sallie took her place in Sunday school the faces of the girls about her were flushed with pleasure.

"Ain't it going to be elegant?" Millie Zell's black eyes flashed at Sallie. "I'm to be one of the waiting-maids on the Queen. Wonder what you'll be!"

Sallie did not answer and Millie looked at her curiously.

"Oh, Sallie, ain't you got no part a'ready? I bet your pop'd just be mean enough not to give you the dare to go."

"My pop ain't mean. He's a good man and he's raising me right. He says something terrible might make if I go."

"Think now! Och, he's just trying to make you afraid. Mebbe he thinks it'll cost something still. He don't never give you the dare to do anything. Why, it's to be two nights and the band's to come a'ready back from Ziegerstown and they'll make bright lights and my dress ain't to have no sleeves or neck."

"It's going to be grand, ain't it, Millie?"

Millie stretched out her hand sympathetically at the deep misery in Sallie's face.

"Say, Sallie," she whispered. "Why don't you go unbeknownst to your pop anyway? Ain't you sixteen years old a'ready?"

"But Pop says I dasen't."

"Go unbeknownst. What'd he do to you if he did find it out? He wouldn't use the strap, still, bein's you're so old."

"Och, Millie, I ain't never dared go ag'in Pop. That would be wicked."

"Well, stay home, dumbie! It's somepin surprisin' that you ain't got no more spirit. But I'd feel more for it if you were going. Ain't we been friends a'ready these three years back?"

At this minute the lesson started. Sallie could say no more, but she pressed Millie's hand affectionately.

*(Continued on page 54)*

# Glenna Collett, Sportswoman

*Whatever your game, give it your best, she advises, and don't be discouraged at your mistakes—"Everybody is a dub at first"*

**A**RE you an aspiring athlete? And are you wondering what you can do to improve your playing in your favorite game?

We were just wishing to have some sports pages here in THE AMERICAN GIRL, to help you no matter what your favorite game is, when along came Glenna Collett, the famous golf player, with her book, *Golf for Young Players*, published recently by Little, Brown and Company.

You might think, from the title, that her book is for golf players only. And of course it does give many valuable suggestions for the game in which she has risen to be the National Women's Amateur Champion. But that isn't all, by any means. Glenna Collett gives you valuable and practical suggestions by which you can improve your basketball, your hockey, your tennis—or any other game which you enjoy. We shall give you some of her suggestions this month; next month, more of them. Try them yourself. They are certain to help you become a better athlete.

One of the first things which any earnest athlete must do, Glenna Collett says, is to *wish* to become a good player, then act. "We never learn to speak Chinese by wishing we could," she says. "We must think and wish and then act."

Glenna Collett went at her game in just that way. She always liked playing golf. When she was a youngster, she used to follow her father around the links and wish she could be a caddy. Then she changed her mind and began to play instead of following. And as she enjoyed the playing more and more, she became more and more determined to be the best golf player it was in her to be (not necessarily a champion—there's a difference!). And she came to realize that she must take stock of

A girl who is strong and willing to keep at her favorite game can learn how to play well . . . Never be content with less than your best.

*Glenna Collett*

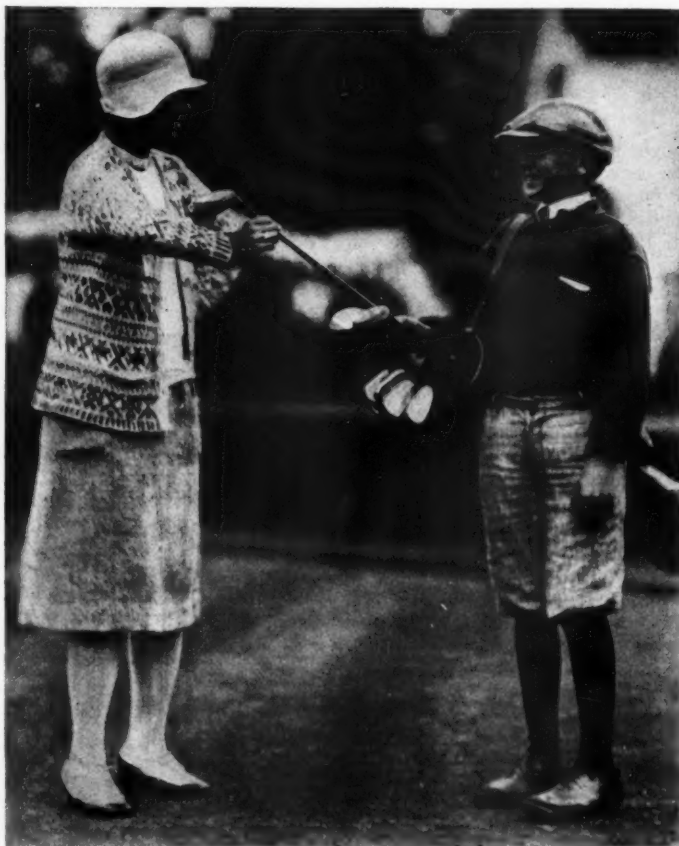
her good points and her faults, that she must practise difficult shots, that she must perfect her strokes.

It required intelligence and will-power to spend her time on short putts, her weak point, when she "could get such a thrill out of hitting the good long ones." But Glenna Collett had just those things—intelligence and will power—which are necessary if you are to do anything above the average.

Take stock of yourself, then, in your favorite game. See what your good points are. See what your weak points are. Then practise to overcome your weak points. Glenna Collett has carried out this very program. "If you want to wake up some day a beautiful old lady, you must be every day a somewhat beautiful young lady. And if one day you hope to wake up at the top of the ladder, you cannot expect to make it by sleeping all the way.

"I should like very much to tell just what it was in the first four years of my golf game that contributed most to my gaining honors at the Women's National at the age of nineteen, but the truth is that I passed through many stages and that my game was constantly evolving and changing in many ways.

"There are, however, a few particular characteristics which kept developing alongside my game. These have materially helped me to keep on the upward grade, for having a game at one's command is not everything. Of course, I was fond of being out-of-doors, and all the time I could get from my studies, I spent in the open. Thus it was I always had a good appetite, for my exercise made me hungry. I also got very tired and sleepy and did not have to waste much time in wooing the god of slumber. I made so (Cont'd on page 40)



Photograph by Wide World

"I made so many costly blunders," Glenna Collett says, "that I early learned the great value of the smile, so I developed a good nature toward the game"

IT is difficult for me to talk about the outstanding incidents I seem to recall that have had an accumulative effect toward the present because practically each moment in itself was rather an adventure. Of course, the most outstanding moments of my life, as I look back on them, are those completely irrelevant to anything that subsequently happened. I suppose, however, that the incidents which are apt to be most interesting are those that have to do with my career as a writer.

How did it happen that I started to write? I wish I knew! The first thing that I can remember about it is bursting into song at the age of five. At least, what I wrote was supposed to be a poem. I think the poetry of it was recognizable only because of the position the words occupied on the piece of paper, as if a chicken had walked down it!

I remember with what enormous pride my father kept that piece of paper tucked in his waistcoat pocket, and no matter what the conversation—whether it had to do with mammals or the St. Louis street car system—he would suddenly break in with, “Ah, that reminds me,” and thereupon nail the helpless victim with a glinting eye and display the lyrical outburst of his offspring.

During all these early years of writing poetry on the front steps and composing story plots while I played jacks, the pride of my parents was something monumental. Bits of smeared-looking paper containing this and that chapter of this and that novel were constantly cropping out of my mother’s handbag and I was avidly pouncing upon the missing chapter for which I had probably searched the entire house. I remember on one occasion being told to come into a room of people to read one of these chapters and stopping in the middle of it, horrified at the crudeness and dreadfulness of the attempt, and rushing from the room, to the chagrin of my doting family.

It is rather curious, however, as the years rolled on and as this childish obses-



*This vivid and colorful person is Fannie Hurst herself*

## Fannie Hurst, Writer

*The story of her girlhood attempts  
as told to PAULINE STEINBERG*



*Fannie Hurst as she looked at fifteen*

sion for writing began to mature into something a little more important, that the attitude of my family began to change. They weren’t so proud of it as they had been. They began to feel that it was really something that was threatening to single me out as a peculiar child. It had been all right for me to write as long as it was the hobby of a youngster, but as a peculiarity of a growing girl it became an entirely different matter. From this point on, my desire to write became for them a handicap, something not to be discussed, something to be passed over. The manuscripts that were displayed before were now hidden and destroyed if any member of the family ran across one. My parents, you see, wished to guard me against my peculiarity, to help me in overcoming it. And they no longer encouraged me about my writing. Quite the reverse. (But I kept on!)

Another outstanding incident that belongs to these days was having a

high school teacher say to me: “Fannie Hurst, did you write this essay yourself, or did you get someone at home to do it for you?” That soft impeachment spurred me on.

During my last two years of high school in St. Louis, I hesitate to say, I was guilty of a real misdemeanor. I made complete arrangements to exchange trigonometry problems,

laboratory-physics notebooks and Latin exercises for essays. It was so simple—someone else did my trigonometry and my physics and my Latin, which I hated, for me, while I did their writing, which they hated, for them! I felt like a social benefactor.

But such a blissful state of affairs couldn’t go on forever, of course. My last year in high school, just before I was ready to graduate, the hornets’ nest of intrigue had been discovered and my punishment, a just one, was no less a heavy one. I had already been appointed class prophet for the graduation and that distinction was taken away from me. Can you imagine the

*(Continued on page 43)*

# Curly

Illustrations  
by  
Fred C. Yohn

**C**URLY SAKS, whose brother, George, was an observer at the airdrome of the McMullen Flight of the Army Air Service Border Patrol in New Mexico, had been taught to fly an airplane herself. At nineteen she had a plane of her own which the men of the patrol rebuilt for her out of an old wreck that George had bought, and nearly every day she cruised about the *mesquite*. Whenever she flew, she always watched the ground ceaselessly, for she considered herself a part of the patrol and kept on the lookout for the smugglers who frequently tried to get in from Mexico with forbidden goods.

One day as she flew low, she saw a car speed by after it had crashed into a smaller car. Curly, angered by such ruthlessness, determined to make the driver of the larger car stop and go back. She chased it, flying closer and closer to the ground, and leveled off two feet above the road, landing directly in front of the speeding automobile, which had to come to a halt or run into her. The man in the car was very angry, but she made him promise to go back to the wreck, even though it meant missing his train. She strongly suspected him of being a smuggler, and she knew by his threat never to forget her interference, that she had made an enemy she might meet again.

Curly turned her plane toward home, but she soon discovered that her adventures were not over. Looking down toward the border, she saw a speck above the chapparal of Mexico. It was an airplane, racing toward the United States carrying, Curly knew not what forbidden cargo. It obviously had no intention of stopping for inspection, so, true to her duty as a "member" of the McMullen Flight, Curly flew after it. She got close enough to see that there were two people in it, and suitcases tied to the fuselage. What should she do? In fact, what *could* she do to stop it? Curly, as she kept close to the strange ship, was face to face with grave uncertainty.

## CHAPTER III *Curly Keeps On*

Inch by inch Curly guided her faster ship closer to the larger plane. She had never shown her instinctive skill so plainly. There are no brakes on an airplane, and only delicate handling of the throttle can regulate its speed. The right wing of the S. E. was within ten feet of the left wing of the fugitive ship, and slightly above it. The two



Suddenly Curly gasped,  
swept off the goggles,  
and the goggles.  
hair fell around her

faces, masked by goggles, were turned toward her, and the man in the rear cockpit was motioning.

Then, for the second time that day, the unexpected happened. Across the roar of her own plane, she suddenly saw the alien pilot cut his motor and dive for the ground. Engine trouble!

Curly peered in distress at the ground. Even though those passengers might be on no honest mission, nevertheless she shrank from thought of the consequences should no open space lie below.

But it did—and at once her swift-working mind examined the possibilities of the immediate future. Should she land when they did, and try to find out exactly what was afoot? Or should she hurry back to the post?

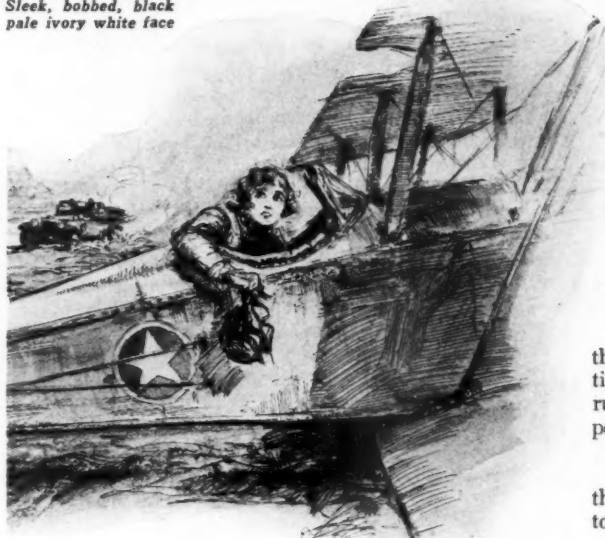
Then she made her decision. Below, speeding toward that single landing field, was a car. It was coming down the rough, winding trail which led from the Yammer

# Rides High

By THOMSON BURTIS

*In which she meets two mysterious flyers whose fortunes are strangely interwoven with hers, and receives an exciting invitation—the second instalment of our thrilling serial*

The slender flyer had fitting leather helmet. Sleek, bobbed, black pale ivory white face



ranch to the San Elizabeth road. Someone had heard the roar of the alien's motor—and Mr. Yammer and his men knew much about flying and airplanes because of the daily air patrols which went over their ranch. Those people in that car knew that two airplanes were coming down, and were bound for the open space.

She would land.

The car was still a mile away when the fugitive ship landed, but Curly did not wait to bring her own plane to the ground. They would have seen the coming car, of course, and would know the futility of trying to escape. So she straightened the S. E. out for the field, and with throttle back sped down across the *mesquite*, leveled out just above the ground, and stalled into the field.

She taxied boldly toward the larger plane, her eyes focused on its two occupants. They were standing alongside their ship, and the man nearest her was frowning. He was dark, fleshy-faced, and had a black moustache. Like him, his slim companion was dressed in oil-spotted coveralls. He looked like a mere boy—

Suddenly Curly gasped. The slender flyer had swept off the close-fitting leather helmet, and the goggles. Sleek, bobbed black hair fell around an ivory face.

It was a girl!

Curly's right hand flew to the strap which went beneath her chin. In a trice she, too, had removed her disguise.

Her ship at rest within fifteen feet of the other one, the three stared at one another with almost ludicrous astonishment. The other girl's big black eyes widened into a stare, and the man's bristling black eyebrows protruded over eyes which looked as though they were seeing ghosts.

For a full fifteen seconds there was utter silence, save

for the whisper of Curly's idling motor. Then, abruptly, she unsnapped her belt and climbed out awkwardly, her parachute impeding her movements. Her mind was a chaos. A girl smuggler—and yet, somehow, she could not believe it.

As she reached the ground the other girl started to laugh. She laughed hysterically—laughed until the tears were running down her cheeks. Gradually the man, too, relaxed, and suddenly his white teeth flashed in a sparkling smile. In the reaction, Curly found herself sitting on the ground, laughing helplessly.

Each time the eyes of the two girls met they were off on another spasm, until the man caught the contagion and he, too, shook with mirth.

"Who—who are you?" gasped Curly, and with those words she snapped into consciousness of the possibilities again. Out of the corner of her eye she saw three men running through the *mesquite*. They had left their car, perforce, on the road, two hundred yards away.

"Who are you—a girl?" the man inquired seriously.

His English was carefully enunciated, and slowly, as though he had difficulty selecting his words and was trying to watch his pronunciation.

"My brother is a border patrolman, and no ship has a right to cross into the United States without inspection," Curly told him incisively.

"Ah! How—how foolish we are, Isobel! But of course! Donkey that I am!"

He pounded his forehead with one finger, and such an elfish smile widened his lips below that waxed black moustache that Curly grinned in spite of herself. Then her face grew serious.

"Some of the border patrol must inspect your baggage, sir," she told him. "Or customs men. Who are you?"

He removed his helmet, scarcely noticing the coming men. His hair was very black and smooth, and his rather fleshy face vivacious. His eyes were black and very bright. He looked to be forty-five, and when he smiled his face showed such sprightly delight in life in general that it was next to impossible to keep from smiling with him. When he talked he gestured swiftly. He seemed to be a short, stocky, smiling bundle of energy. His moustache, waxed to points which thrust themselves skyward on each side of an aquiline nose, gave him the look of a distinguished foreigner. He bowed low.

"I am Armand Fouliere, of Paris, France, and for the past few years of Mexico City, mademoiselle. This is my niece and ward—Isobel De Carara."

Curly bowed gravely to him, and moved by some strange impulse for which she could scarcely account, kissed the girl. For a moment, as the three Texans drew close to them, the two girls looked at one another searchingly, as though forseeing the part each would have in the other's life.

They were utter contrasts. Isobel, too, looked to be nineteen, but she was taller and larger than the slender, lithe young Texan. Her full face was very comely, and her black eyes were pools of light. Her face was a delicate ivory tint, and it seemed to radiate the volatile, sparkling

temperament that is possessed by the Latin races.

Curly looked like a wiry boy, except for her bobbed, curly brown hair. Her face was small, and tanned to a golden brown. A saucy nose tilted over a rather wide, firm mouth, and level gray eyes looked frankly at the world. She looked like a self-reliant wildflower alongside a gorgeous hothouse plant.

"My name is Lucy Saks—my brother is Lieutenant George Saks of the border patrol at McMullen," she told them, her eyes shifting to Foulere's.

"But how you can fly!" Isobel burst forth. "I too, was flying, and I was amazed!"

"Hello there, Curly!" boomed Mr. Yammer. "Great Snakes! Another gal!"

Curly explained matters quickly. Then, her face serious, she said simply:

"I—I like you, Isobel. But we must examine your baggage. That is, leave a guard anyhow, or I'll fly to McMullen and send some of the flyers back—"

"But certainly!" Foulere said rapidly, his face fairly twinkling. "Our engine amiss—it was a blessing! We fly to Dayton, Ohio, for the Pulitzer Meet, eh? We 'ave nothing to hide. Nothing. My niece—" and when he darted a look at her it was so full of boyish pride that Curly liked him even more—"she is the only airwoman in Mexico, eh? A wonderful pilot is my Isobel. My son—he was a great pilot in the war. He was killed. But always I 'ave had the interest in flying, eh? I fly all over Europe. And Isobel knew I come, she desire to fly herself, and she get lessons. Now she and I, in Mexico, we fly ver' much. Now we fly to see the great race, eh? But do what you like—"

"Here, here!" chuckled the genial stalwart ranchman. "It'll soon be dark, count, and we got t' git under way. Curly, I and the boys'll stay here with 'em. It won't take half an hour t' git some o' your boys down here. Then they can look over the ship here. Help 'em fix it, too, like as not. I'll put the folks up at the ranch if everything's O. K.—"

"But could we not stay in McMullen?" interrupted Isobel with a dazzling smile, and Curly smiled back. She liked this stunning Spanish girl.

"Of course! I know everything'll be all right—and the flyers will fly you back."

Two minutes later she was off, and fifteen minutes after that she had landed at McMullen. Five minutes from that time Tex MacDowell and Sleepy Spears were in the air in two De Havillands, while Curly, her face grimy with oil and her hair in a tangled mess, was telling the events of the afternoon in more detail to the eight bronzed airmen who were lounging on the porch of the recreation building.

What they said about the unknown Texan was not complimentary, and finally Captain Kennard got to his feet and started for his office.

"I'm going to have the sheriff arrest that man just on general principles," he stated raucously. "Doing what he did to that other car was bad enough, and bullying a girl was worse. We'll find out who he is!"

George Saks was pacing up and down the veranda. "Gosh!" he said, ruffling his tousled blonde hair, "I guess you'd better quit flying, sis! Honestly, Curly, don't poke your nose into things like that! I want you to fly—honest—but I don't want to be grayheaded before I'm thirty!"

"So your friends are flying to the Pulitzer Meet, are they?" Jack Beaman remarked. "Gosh, I'd like to go myself. Slim, the lucky dog—"

"So would I," the tired Curly said wistfully.

A grin spread around the company of flyers, and George said hastily:

"Come on, Curly. Come home and get dressed. We're all having dinner here at the post tonight. The boys'll take care of your friends and get 'em to the hotel. We'll have them for dinner, eh? Come on."

Three hours later the meal in the mess hall was coming to an end. Curly, in a white organdy frock, with her hair combed, looked like a different person from the boyish, self-reliant pilot of the afternoon. But she showed her fatigue, although her eyes were bright. Isobel was beautiful in a white gown, and her uncle was the favorite of the dinner. His ceaseless flow of vivacious conversation kept the flyers in an uproar, and even Weatherby, the mahogany-faced Texas ranger, was heard to laugh aloud.

At the conclusion of the meal Captain Kennard, at the head of the table, remarked amid sudden silence:

"I had a telegram about the Pulitzer Meet today."

Slim Evans glanced up with such fear on his face that Curly had an idea it was assumed, somehow. He was trying to be funny.

"They haven't taken me out, have they?" he demanded.

"No," stated the Captain, and Curly wondered why all the flyers were grinning.

"Pardon me, but what is this here meet you're all talkin' about so much?" enquired Weatherby.

"Every year they stage an air meet—all kinds of races and events for all kinds of ships," exclaimed the Captain. "This year it's at Dayton, Ohio, and air experts come from all over the world, as well as tens of thousands of ordinary spectators. They expect to handle fifty thousand there this year. Every airman who can possibly make it is going. Slim, here, is the official entrant of the army and flies the army ship."

The ranger saluted Slim humorously.

"Good luck, boy," he stated. "A good job for somebody else, maybe, and I reckon you think you're lucky. If it was me, I'd be scairt stiff startin' right now!"

"You folks are going, aren't you?" Tex asked Foulere, and he nodded emphatically.

"The gr-r-reatest air meet in the world!" he said exuberantly. "I would not miss for worlds—"

Curly lost the rest of his sentence, because she was thinking wistfully:

"How I'd love to go and see those marvelous planes!"

"Well, here's the telegram. Don't leave your seats, boys. Something else follows. Listen."

Curly wondered why everyone was smiling so. The

## A Poem by a Girl

### BEDTIME

By Prudence Gager

*IT is dusk  
The firelight is dancing  
With the shadows,  
And outside the moon is sitting  
In her cloud-garden,  
Singing the stars to sleep.  
I can feel my Thoughts  
Tiptoeing about in their bedrooms,  
Getting ready for the night.  
They have taken off  
Their pointed caps,  
They have folded their  
Crimson kerchiefs cornerwise,  
Neatly,  
And have set their fillet shoes  
In first position.  
Now they are yawning . . .  
Blinking . . .  
Soon they will snuff out  
Their little candles,  
And I shall be asleep.*

FROM SINGING YOUTH  
Harper & Brothers

"Well, here's the telegram. Don't leave your seats, boys. Something else follows." Curly wondered why everyone smiled so



Captain read slowly and tantalizingly, the following:

Commanding Officer  
McMullen Flight, Air Service,  
McMullen, Texas

Please inform Miss Lucy Saks that the Committee in charge of the Pulitzer Races invites her to give an exhibition on the third day of the meet. Her expenses in flying to and from Dayton, Ohio will be defrayed, and she will be the guest of the Commanding Officer of Wilbur Wright Field, together with any chaperone she may elect to bring, for the period of the meet. Wire reply collect.

MALLORY

In the dead silence grinning flyers gazed at the astonished Curly. No one noticed the exclamation of Foulere, nor the wide-eyed, astounded look which passed between him and his niece. They gazed at Curly as though she were some freak of nature which they could not understand.

The girl half rose. Twice she gulped and tried to speak. When she did, all she could say was:

"I'm going! I'm going! But how—what—why—why I can't—"

"Quiet, sis, quiet!" laughed George, and Mary, his wife, was smiling delightedly as she said:

"Don't cry, Lucy, don't cry!"

"I'm so happy—"

"Sure!" boomed Slim Evans. "You can fly up with George and me—you in your small S. E., and George and me in mine. Great trip—"

"And we can go along with you, too!" added Isobel, her face flushed and her eyes so bright they seemed afire. "We will wait, Uncle Armand?"

His eyes flashed to hers a moment.

"Of course!" he bubbled excitedly, his eyes glittering brightly. "We shall make the trip together, not?"

"Marvelous!" chuckled the deliriously happy Curly. "We—"

"Message for Captain Kennard, sir," came a voice from the doorway, and the stocky little C. O. read the scribbled note hastily.

"Sheriff Trowbridge," he grinned. "They found your man, Curly, and right now he's out on bail. He's none other than Michael O'Reilly—one of the biggest and richest independent oil operators around Texas and Mexico—"

"Boy!" ejaculated Tex MacDowell. "Curly, you're a wonder. O'Reilly's got more inside power than any six others around Texas, and he's unhappy unless he gets his own way in everything, let me warn you!"

"He knows airplanes pretty well himself, I hear," announced the Ranger. "He's owned a couple for years, with a pilot tuh fly him around the country on oil business."

"And Curly made him miss a train," chuckled Kennard. "He'll never get over that!"

A curious feeling possessed Curly for a moment as she remembered that small-eyed face, contorted with anger, but she was too happy to harbor unpleasant thoughts for long. And as she drifted off into slumber that night there

(Continued on page 61)

# Twenty Clothes Questions

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Miss Cades here interviews herself, and tells you what she knows about fall styles.

*Asked and answered*

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, *The Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by Katharine Shane*

1. What do you think is the best color this fall?

There isn't ever a best color, regardless of girl and purpose. For daytime wear, however, and provided it looks well on you, I suggest brown, especially dark brown, chocolate brown or reddish brown. A pinkish beige is frequently combined with the brown.

2. Are blues good styles?

Yes—practically always. This year the bright dark blues are nice in wool and velvet and velveteen and bright medium blues are very popular for party dresses in georgette and chiffon.

3. What about reds?

Bright reds are almost always a good choice for young girls. You see a good deal of rich dark red wine and rusty red this fall. Both are practical and usually becoming.

4. What are the fashionable fabrics?

Tweeds, jerseys, wool crêpes, pile woolens, velvets, velveteens, satins, crêpes and chiffons, according to their use.

5. What about furs?

Nutria, badger, skunk, fox and wolf are used to trim cloth coats.

For fur coats, muskrat and raccoon will probably continue to be the choice of young folks who buy their coats for durability.

6. Are fabrics plain or figured?

Wool and silk crêpes, chiffons and pile woolens for coats are usually plain. Tweeds come plain, checked, plaided and in novelty weave. Jerseys are plain or woven in various patterns, and a good many velvets are printed.

7. Are two-piece or one-piece dresses better style?

This is hard to say. Many sports dresses come in two-piece effects, combining a pull-over jersey blouse like a sweater with a pleated skirt of jersey or tweed. But there are plenty of one-piece dresses, too.

8. Are sweaters being worn?

By almost everyone. Very fashionable are pull-overs in sweater effect made from angora jersey. And hand-knit sweaters are good, too.

9. Are belts good?

Very. You see them on sports dresses and on chiffon dance frocks.

10. Are plaits being used?

On almost every skirt of the sports or semi-sports costume, and on a

great number of dresses. Sometimes only in the front of the skirt.

11. What kind of trimmings are used?

Self-trimmings such as fabric appliqués are very good. Buttons and belt buckles are also popular with many girls just now, often matching.

12. Are three-piece costumes fashionable?

Especially in sports clothes. For example: there's a skirt of tweed, a pull-over blouse of jersey or fancy knit material, and a full length or three-quarter length sports coat of tweed. The coat is usually loose, and made with raglan sleeves. Sometimes it has a collar of sports fur such as badger, fox or otter. And sometimes it has no fur on it and a neatly folded scarf is worn around the neck.

13. What about hats?

Felt, velvet or velour, with felt cheapest and, from many standpoints, most desirable. The typical sports hat or felt has a narrow floppy turned-down brim and a simple ribbon band. A little more complicated in cut, but usually untrimmed are the close-fitting felt or velour hats in a sort of helmet effect. Sometimes these are pulled close about the head and have little pointed ears of the material that stand out at one side. Sometimes they fit the head like a cap with pointed dips over the ears. Soft crushable hats of velvet are also worn.

14. What are the right kind of shoes?

For everyday wear with tweeds or jerseys, I like calfskin oxfords or one-strap pumps with wide moderate-height heels. The Peel oxfords with leather lacings are very sporty-looking. For afternoon dresses one-strap pumps of kid, suède or patent leather with moderate heels are in good taste. Young girls wear patent leather slippers for parties, and older girls wear gold or silver kid or satin to match or harmonize with their frocks.

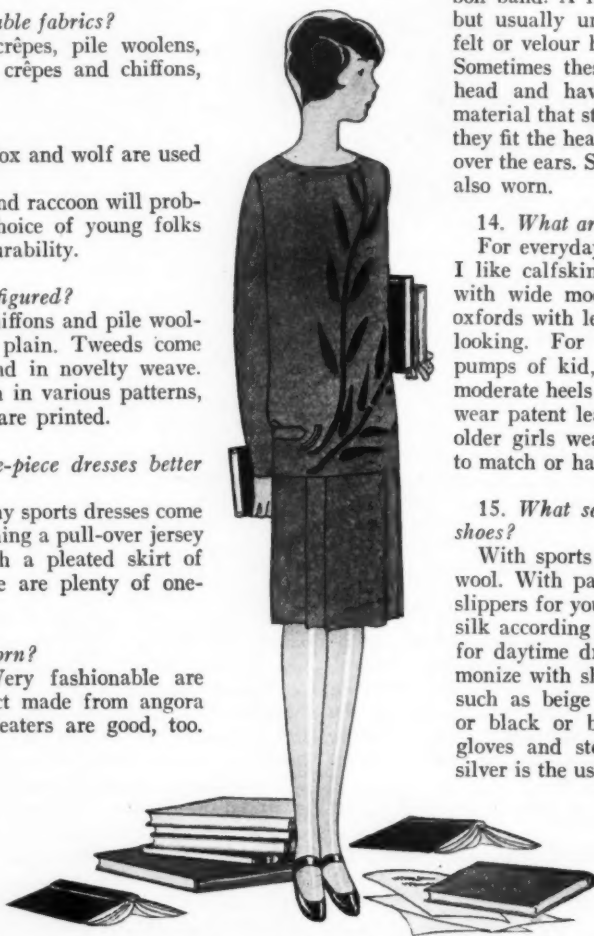
15. What sort of stockings go with these shoes?

With sports shoes, lisle, wool or silk-and-wool. With patent leather dress-up or party slippers for young girls, heavy black or white silk according to the frock. Older girls wear for daytime dress-up, silk stockings to harmonize with shoes and frock; neutral shades such as beige or gray are usually selected, or black or brown. It's nice to match up gloves and stockings. For evening flesh or silver is the usual choice.

16. Are there any new styles in underwear?

Every other minute. Have you seen the bloomers that have fitted yokes across the front instead of elastic? They fit awfully well. I

(Continued on page 59)



This jersey daytime frock goes to school with the assurance of good taste. It may be had in beige and brown, in porcelain and black, and in two tones of green. From B. Altman and Co., New York



*Example! How I hate the sound of it. Even when I was a youngster I had to keep from doing all sorts of pleasant things because it would be a bad example for Connie!*

*There was bicycling. I learned to ride "without hands," but when Mother found it out she asked me not to do it because Connie might try to, and fall and hurt herself*

## "I Am a Girl Who—

*happened to be born the elder of two daughters—and if you are an older sister yourself, you surely know what that means without my telling you"*

**E**VER since I can remember I've been an elder sister.

*Illustration by Clara Elsen Peck*

When I was a little over three years old Constance came into the family, a little roly-poly of a baby with wide, inquiring blue eyes. And from that August morning when she was born, I became "the big girl." Now we're both in high school, I a senior and Connie a brand-new freshman. She's clever and independent and competent, yet, to the family, she is still "the baby" and because of it all sorts of allowances are made for her. She breezes through life as free of responsibility as a butterfly—at least, that's how it seems to me—and, best of all, she doesn't have to be an "example" to anyone!

Example! How I hate the sound of it, and even the way it looks in print! The things I have had to do and the things I have had to refrain from doing because, if I didn't or did, as the case might be, Connie would imitate me!

I remember how, when I was a youngster, I always hated to go to bed. I used to try, by keeping very quiet and burying my nose in a book, to make Mother forget that I was still downstairs as the fateful hour of eight drew near. But, sure as anything, as the clock ticked off the precious minutes—one—two—three—four—five after eight, Connie would yawn or droop in her chair, and mother would look up and say,

"Come, come. It's time you children were in bed."

"But I'm not a bit tired," I'd object.

"Connie is, though, Amy. Run along, now. Don't keep her up any longer."

And off we would have to go. I always felt that, if it hadn't been for Connie, I'd have been allowed an extra half-hour. But if I protested, she did, too, even though she fell asleep while she was doing it. So I had to be an example, and go with her.

It was the same way in bicycling. I learned to ride "without hands," but when mother found it out, she asked

me not to do it because Connie might try to, and hurt herself. I must practice my music because, if I didn't,

Connie would think she needn't, either. As a matter of fact, Connie never *did* practice as much as I—she had a way of getting out of doing things she didn't like that made me gasp in admiration—but then, she was younger and wasn't expected to take her music so seriously.

Of course, that sort of thing doesn't happen so often now, since we're older. But it does sometimes, in little ways, like mother's asking me to wear my heavy coat because Connie has a cold, and if I put on my spring suit, Connie will want to wear hers, too.

But the thing I object to most, at present, about being an elder sister is that I'm expected to do things and know things that aren't thought of in connection with Connie. It is nice, I admit, to have mother say, "Will you match this silk for me on the way down town? I'd ask Connie, but she doesn't know crêpe de chine from satin," or "Amy, will you make the strawberry whip? You do it so well." But it doesn't prevent my envying Connie, whose ignorance frees her for a walk in the woods or a game of tennis before dinner! It isn't that she's unwilling to help or that she can't help—as I said before, Connie's clever, much cleverer than I in a lot of things. But, after all, if she isn't *expected* to do anything, why do it—I suppose she reasons out things that way. And she takes her freedom as one of the natural advantages of being younger. I suppose I should, too, if I were in her place.

But, just the same, I got to feeling awfully mean about it. Not that the little jobs I was asked to do took so much time, but well—it was just the idea of always being the one to do them. And then, the other day I spoke to Julia.

Julia is my cousin—an only child—and sometimes, fond as I am of Connie, I've envied Julia that. She's a junior at college, the kind of person you can talk things over with

*(Continued on page 41)*

Illustrations  
by  
Eads Collins



"Let us leave this for a moment," he said in a low voice. "There is something that I must tell you"

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

## Cat's Cradle

**S**PRING in Texas, and the close-packed, delicate blue-bonnets clothing every field and mountain-side and mirroring back the sky! Every year Shirley Anne

Parsons waited for the miracle, and every year it seemed just as strange and wonderful and unbelievable. This spring was no exception. In fact, the beauty of it seemed more breath-taking than ever. Perhaps that was because Shirley Anne was now thirteen and her powers of appreciation had also increased. She could hardly wait for breakfast to be finished and her mother's permission to go out and spend the morning rambling waist-high through the blue maze that covered Bonita Ranch.

"I'm glad we came to the ranch early this year, Mother," she remarked as she hastily finished her bowl of hominy and milk. "I hate to be in San Antonio when the blue-bonnets begin. You never see the best of them there. May I go now?"

Mrs. Parsons' eyelids wrinkled anxiously as she scanned the rolling Texas acres that swept from the ranch-house porch. "Your father's ridden to San Antonio for supplies today," she offered dubiously. "I hate to have you rambling around alone. What with rattlesnakes—and Comanches and—unfriendly Mexicans—"

"Mother," interrupted Shirley Anne, earnestly, "you know I never go completely out of sight of the house—ever. You can't anyhow when it's set up on top of a hill like this and can be seen from all over. Rattlesnakes aren't out yet—it's too early in the season for them. And we haven't seen a Mexican or a Comanche Indian since we left San Antonio."

"That doesn't mean they've disappeared from the face of the earth," smiled Mrs. Parsons, beginning to remove the breakfast dishes. "Well, anyway, run along. But keep your eyes open and Ill whistle for you when dinner's ready."

*"It is magic to skip the first and take every fifth! Remember that in time of trouble," he warned her and rode away*

I know how you count on being outdoors the first morning the blue-bonnets are out full."

Shirley Anne emerged into the wine-sweet air and sped down the hill,

her dog Rex at her heels. Rex was a mongrel pup of no noticeably predominating breed but devotedly loved by the girl, whose only companion and playmate he was. For an hour Shirley Anne simply roamed in idle aimlessness through the blue-clothed fields, trailing her finger-tips through the azure clusters, whose individual blossoms were so like tiny sunbonnets. She didn't want to gather them just then—she didn't even want to think—but only to revel in their massed sweetness.

Surfeited at last with this phase of enjoyment, she decided to pick a great armful, and directed her steps toward a corner of the ranch near the road where, from experience, she had learned that they grew thickest and most beautiful. But before picking, she went to the edge of the road and anxiously scanned its length as it wove upward from the plain below and around a curve of the hill out of sight. In these days of wide asphalt-avenues penetrating even through the densest wildernesses, it would scarcely be dignified by the name of "road". Two deep ruts only it was, through the blackest of black mud, hub-high for a carriage or cart—a thoroughfare such as would be avoided by a modern car with shuddering distaste! But in 1840 it was considered a very good road, an excellent one, and it was the only connection between San Antonio and the towns to the south and east.

Along this road Shirley Anne's father had disappeared on horseback earlier in the morning, on a two-days' trip to San Antonio to order supplies for the coming season at the ranch. The Parsons family lived in a house in San Antonio in the winter, but always spent the spring and summer on this ranch, some twenty miles distant, which they had



*With a cry of excitement, Mr. Parsons seized the crumpled note and examined it by the guttering flame of the candle-end*

named *La Bonita*. To Shirley Anne, the days on *La Bonita* were the sweetest of the year.

Satisfied at length that no danger threatened from the road, the girl turned to picking her bluebonnets, using the greatest care and selection in her choice. To Shirley Anne this was more, far more, than a casual morning's enjoyment. It was a rite. Diversions such as we understand them were few in the life on a Texas ranch in those days, and were not to be taken lightly. Shirley Anne went about her self-imposed task with all the precision of a well-loved ceremony.

Both arms full at last, she was about to turn toward the ranch-house when suddenly she was attracted by the very peculiar actions of Rex. He was pattering back and forth near a thick, high clump of *mesquite* in a corner of the road, sniffing and snorting and giving short, whining barks. Nor would he deign to pay her the slightest attention when she called and whistled him to heel. "He's treed a rabbit—or something!" she thought impatiently and turned away to leave him with his find. Then, for no known reason, she did something that surprised even herself. For, instead of hurrying back to the house to get her flowers in water before they wilted, she laid them carefully down and wandered over to see what was interesting Rex. She hadn't

intended to do this. She wasn't the least bit concerned about his quarry. It was one of those inexplicable impulses that sometimes drive us into unguessed roads and not infrequently lead to curious results.

"Be quiet, Rex!" she ordered, reaching the edge of the thorny, gray-green clump of vines and peering through where Rex had just dived in. And suddenly she drew back with a little, gasping cry of horror and shock. In plain sight was a hand and arm, caught limply and held by the *mesquite* thorns—the arm encased in a black velvet sleeve ornamented with many silver buttons, the hand scratched and bleeding and begrimed. Rex was going mad now, tearing in and out of the bushes with rending barks, halting only for hurried sniffs at the inert hand.

A wild impulse to turn and run with all her might seized Shirley Anne, but she controlled it long enough to penetrate the thorns a little further and get a better view. Behind that arm lay the body of a man, the face deathly white, the eyes closed, no breath stirring from the cracked, bleeding lips. His fine, white silk shirt was torn and stained. A bright red scarf, once doubtless used as a sash, was bound about his shoulder, probably to staunch a wound, Shirley Anne was certain he was dead, and she turned and ran—never giving another thought to her flowers—ran with

trembling knees and stumbling steps back to the ranch-house.

But the man under the *mesquite* was not dead. That fact was proved later when he had been extricated and moved up to the house through the combined exertions of two half-breed Indian helpers on the ranch, Lissy, the black cook, and her mother. But Mrs. Parsons, who was an expert nurse, gave it as her opinion that he *would* have been dead, and very shortly at that, if Shirley Anne had not discovered him when she did.

People on lonely Texas ranches in those far days had to be their own doctors. Mrs. Parsons could diagnose a physical disturbance as competently as any ordinary physician and she speedily discovered that he had an arrow wound below his shoulder (she suspected an Indian arrow). The wound was plainly two or three days old. The man was in a state of extreme exhaustion. And that he was a Mexican was undeniable, judging from his dress. This was all they could conjecture, except that he had evidently been mounted and had lost his horse, as the spurs on his riding-boots testified.

Later in the day, when he had at last regained consciousness under Mrs. Parsons' skilful ministrations, they learned a few more facts about his identity. He was a Mexican gentleman, Señor Pablo Uvalde by name, who had been travelling on horseback, accompanied by two servants, also mounted, from Mexico City to San Antonio. They had been suddenly beset by a band of Comanche Indians. His two servants had been killed and their horses confiscated. He himself had been wounded by an arrow, but had tried to escape. His horse, however, was killed under him and he had been taken a prisoner to be held for ransom. Two days he had been forced to travel with the Indian band and on the third night he had escaped undiscovered, travelling by night and hiding by day and at last, overcome by exhaustion, weakness from his wound and lack of food, he had crawled under the *mesquite* bushes, not realizing he was so near a house. There he had lost consciousness.

Shirley Anne was all a-thrill with the adventure. Nothing quite like this had ever come into her life before. She begged her mother to allow her to help with the nursing. And Mrs. Parsons, who was short-handed at best in running the big ranch, was glad enough to comply. It devolved on Shirley Anne to bring Señor Uvalde his meals, keep his room tidy and read or talk to him when he felt inclined to be so entertained. His wound was slow in healing, and a low fever retarded his convalescence for several weeks. Presently he came to be regarded by Shirley as a member of the Parsons' household.

It was Mr. Parsons who first discovered something mysterious about their invalid guest. "I can't quite figure out about Señor Uvalde," he said to his wife and daughter one night. "I've talked to him frequently about himself and his business here in Texas and I haven't yet found out just why he was on the way to San Antonio. He gives it as personal business that was taking him there, yet no one in the city seems to know him, even among the Mexicans. I've inquired among the Yturris and

the Veramendis and others, and no one even recognizes his name. It looks a little queer to me. Why should he come all this way on the rather thin pretext of looking for a *ranchito* to buy near San Antonio? However, he is very much of a gentleman and shall stay with us as long as he feels so inclined."

But Shirley Anne would hear nothing against their guest. Whatever he was, it was all right, so she asserted. She had discovered that his knowledge of English was quite extensive and to pass the time, he had begun to teach her some Spanish. In return for this she read to him from the few books they possessed on the ranch,—a Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the Bible, a McGuffey's *Fourth Reader*, and the then very popular children's book, *Sanford and Merton*. When these were exhausted, she taught him to play the only game she knew, cat's cradle.

Señor Don Pablo Uvalde was fascinated with cat's cradle! Day after day he labored at it, under Shirley Anne's instruction, till at last he became expert in all the difficult kinks and twists of the game and even invented a few new devices himself. When the fever had left him they moved him out to the wide porch every sunny day and later to the shade of a great chinaberry tree in the yard and there he played cat's cradle with Shirley Anne, whenever *Sanford and Merton* or McGuffey's *Reader* began to pall. It was a pretty sight to see the two together, the great dark, huge-framed Mexican and fair-haired, blue-eyed,

tiny Shirley Anne in her voluminous hoop-skirt, her hair primly parted in imitation of her mother's.

It was one unusually warm morning as they sat under the chinaberry tree and she was holding up her hands with a complicated feature of cat's cradle twisted about them, that he suddenly lifted his hand and stripped the cord clear from her fingers. The action was totally unexpected and Shirley Anne glanced up in astonishment.

"Let us leave this for a moment," he said in a low voice. "There is something I must tell you. I am going to leave this pleasant place soon—very soon. The day after tomorrow. The time draws near when I must be about my affairs and return to Mexico. Already this illness has caused me to linger too long. I am sorry to go, little señorita. You have all been very good to me. To you especially I owe a great debt of gratitude. Were it not for you—I should have died undiscovered in the *mesquite*. I shall never forget. And then you have entertained me with cat's cradle, hour after hour, when the time would have hung most heavily on my hands. Neither shall I ever forget that.

"There are many things that I would I could tell you, little Señorita Shirley Anne. But they are not mine to tell—secrets that concern my country of Mexico and your land of Texas. Some day there is going to be trouble, black trouble, that is even now brewing. I would that I might avert it from your heads at least. One secret only I dare leave with you and this you must disclose to no one. Promise me you will not!"

Shirley Anne nodded her smoothly parted head in grave and wondering assent. This was surely more thrilling than

## It's Magic

in the New Year not to skip a single number of *The American Girl*. Here are some of the magicians who will come at your call:

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

Thomson Burtis

Augusta Huiell Seaman

Albert Payson Terhune

Jane Abbott

Mary Frances Shuford

Constance Lindsay Skinner

Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Kenneth Payson Kempton



Albert Payson Terhune and his dogs. He will write a made-to-order story for us next year

any adventure she had read of in *McGuffey's Fourth Reader!*

"Now, repeat this after me," he commanded. "*'It is magic to skip the first and take every fifth!'*"

Shirley Anne repeated the curious jargon after him once and a second and even a third time. "But what does it mean?" she cried. "It doesn't seem to make any sense at all!"

"That is all I dare to tell you," he declared finally. "Remember it in time of trouble. It is my gift of gratitude for the cat's cradle. And now, shall we go on with the game?"

Two days later he had departed, on a horse purchased from among a number owned by Mr. Parsons. He went followed by the real regret of all the Parsons family and the tears and lamentations of Shirley. He promised to come to them again some day and to write when he returned to Mexico. But he never did either.

The months passed and the invasion of Señor Don Pablo Uvalde into their lives gradually began to take a secondary place in the thoughts of Shirley Anne. The Parsons family returned to San Antonio for the winter and a Comanche Indian raid on the city with its subsequent excitement quite filled the gap that had been left by Señor Uvalde and his strange admonishments and his games of cat's cradle. A year passed and a fleeting thought was all that she now ever bestowed on her singular adventure at Bonita Ranch.

And then came March of 1842 and a terrible blow fell on San Antonio. One afternoon Mr. Parsons rushed into the little house on Soledad Street.

"Mother, Shirley Anne!" he called. They both came running from the back kitchen. "Get things together!" he panted. "Wrap up little Alex warmly and I'll bring the horses around. We must get out of here—off to the ranch. The Mexican troops under General Vasquez are surrounding the city and they say we have surrendered. I don't know whether we shall be allowed to leave or not—but I hope so. We should have gone a week ago. Most of the women and children left then, when the scouts first brought word the troops had crossed the Rio Grande."

"But little Alex was so sick!" breathed Mrs. Parsons. "You said it would not harm to wait till he was over the fever and I—"

"It was a mistake—a bad one!" interrupted her husband. "But get something together now—quick. We may have to ride all night. Tell Shirley Anne to—"

But he never finished the sentence. There was a rattle of musketry in the street directly outside the house. And a

sharp rapping at the door was followed by a voice demanding in no uncertain terms that they come out and surrender themselves at once in the name of General Vasquez, commander of that detachment of the Mexican army. With a groan of despair, Mr. Parsons walked over and threw open the door.

Scared and trembling as she was, curiosity was even stronger, and Shirley Anne tiptoed over behind her father and peeped out. Her mother, with the year-old baby brother in her arms, followed behind Shirley Anne. A group of



Shirley Anne rushed forward as an officer, mounted upon a coal-black horse with trappings of silver, rode up

ferocious-looking Mexican soldiers stood about the door. Shirley and her mother could see other groups entering the neighbor's houses on the street. A mounted officer on a coal-black horse with many jingling silver trappings was riding back and forth, superintending the work of taking prisoners, shouting unintelligible orders. For a moment he halted in

front of the Parsons house to rap out a command. And in that moment Shirley Anne uttered a little cry of astonishment and started forward. For, in spite of his military dress and changed bearing, she recognized her old friend of cat's cradle days, Señor Don Pablo Uvalde!

Her father also had recognized him and raised a hand in friendly greeting. Instantly a wave of relief swept over them all. Here was no cause to worry. A friend was in command of these hostile forces. They would—they *must* be—safe. But almost immediately this reasonable hope was dashed. Don Pablo—now a Captain—exhibited not the faintest sign of recognition. His stern face and unfriendly eyes looked through them and beyond them. Harshly he gave an order in Spanish and rode away. A cordon of soldiers surrounded them and they were marched off without another word to the little adobe jail at the edge of the town. Half an hour more had seen them thrust down a flight of stone steps and into an evil-smelling, black dungeon, well below the level of the street.

"This is a horrible place in which to put women and

(Continued on page 38)

# You Can Draw, Too—



*Told and  
Illustrated  
by*  
**ILONKA  
KARASZ**

*Mary Roberts of  
Marquette, Michi-  
gan, drew the de-  
sign for this Christ-  
mas card and made  
the linoleum block.  
She printed it in  
very deep blue ink*

**I**T'S ALL very well to talk about bookplates and Christmas cards to the girls who can draw, but I can't." Haven't you said this yourself—or heard your friends say it? We have. So many times in fact that we have been wondering if there were something especially mysterious about the ability to draw that only especially gifted people possessed.

People do not seem to feel the same reserve about other things. Not everybody, of course, can write a great book, but almost everybody can and does write charming letters—and think of the fun that would be lost if they felt that because they could not write superlatively they must not write at all. And some way, the more we thought of it the more we believed it was the same way with drawing. We can't all be great artists, but surely we could, if we knew how to go about it and were not so afraid, draw amusing little pictures that, like our letters, would say what we thought in a way that was our very own.

So we went to see Ilonka Karasz, an artist whose paintings have been hung in exhibitions, and who has drawn covers for magazines and illustrations for books, and who has taught young people, too.

"How would you go about designing a bookplate or a Christmas card," we asked, "if you did not know much or anything about drawing?"

And this is what she suggested. We pass it on to you.

"In the first place I should think carefully over all the things that interested me. They might be books, or nature or athletics or dramatics, for instance. And I should draw in the simplest way I could whatever it was that most appealed to me. Perhaps you love things out of doors. There may be a tree on a hilltop that you love to climb to and when you have got to the top you have stood under it with the wind blowing across you; and that has seemed the most beautiful thing you know. Or it may be the spirea bush in your front yard that seems gracious in the spring as it bends under its white blossoms, or even more lovely in the snow with its slender black stems etched against the white.

"If you live in the city there may be a block of houses across from you that makes a lovely picture at night when the windows are little squares of yellow light against the black.

"Or perhaps it is athletics you like better than anything—the pond you skate across in the winter, or the lake where you go swimming in summer; it may be your hockey sticks you love just now, or the good old basketball—you might make a charming design from a basketball goal post. Or maybe it is dramatics you find fascinating, or your violin, or your books.

"You will find in whatever you like something that will make a picture. And having decided on what the subject will be, take one single unit from it and draw it just as simply as possible. If it is books you like, take just one book to start with.

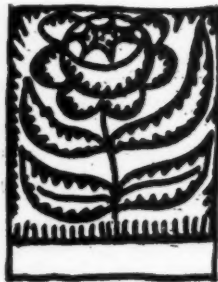
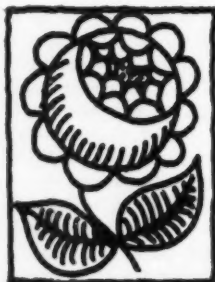
"Let us imagine to begin, that you love flowers—some particular flower or blossoms in general, or perhaps you have read the story of the Christmas Rose and want to draw that for a Christmas card.

"Begin as you did when you were a child. Draw first a circle, then make a little pattern for the center. It may be a criss-cross, or tiny circles, or you may have a spiral. Make scallops around the edge for the petals, or you can make points; then draw a stem and attach to it some leaves.

"Do not try to make your drawing exactly like the flower. It is not a photograph that you are making, but a design, and you can take some liberties in the arrangement to make the drawing please you. If it is a sunflower you are thinking of, you can make it your own special kind of sunflower.

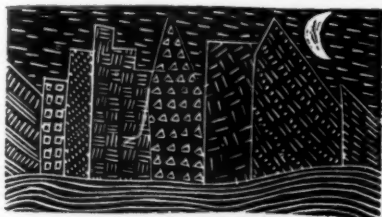
"After you have drawn your unit, arrange it on the paper you will want to print it on. And leave room for whatever printing you are going to use with it—your Christmas greeting or your name or whatever you want to say.

"You can see from the picture of the flower design on this page how your Christmas card or bookplate will grow. First there is the little flower that is to be the principal part



You can see from these drawings how your Christmas card may grow. First there is your chosen subject, then two experimental arrangements of it. In the fourth picture the Christmas rose over your name would bear your Christmas greeting. The fifth design might serve as your bookplate

# Why not your Christmas Card?



A boy pupil of the Walden School in New York City made this design for a bookplate from the city houses he saw from his window at night

of the design. If you will look at it closely, you will see, too, that it is made up of very simple units—the circle for the center of the flower, elongated half circles for the petals and straight lines for the criss-cross in the center.

"Then you will see how it could be arranged on your card or paper. In the fifth picture it stands straight over your name, and would make a charming bookplate. In the fourth picture, with the stars in the background, it tells the story of the Christmas Rose for your Christmas card and carries your greeting beneath it. Or make an arrangement of your own.

"Here also is the drawing of the little tree. For a bookplate, perhaps, you will want to picture the tree in summer with tiny trees on the hill back of it, and funny fat little clouds sailing in the sky. And you have put in little lines on your outline to show the needles. Or you can take the same little tree, draw some snow on its branches, put a Christmas candle at the end of each branch, a Christmas star at the top—and there is your Christmas card. And here again you have used only the simplest lines to make your picture. Your branches are straight lines, and so is the trunk. Your candles are merely two straight lines with a circle at the top of them. The star again is straight lines joined together. And don't try to make your star a perfect one. It will be ever so much nicer if it is a bit wobbly."

We have taken only a tree and a flower here, because we had not room for more designs. But keep the same principles in mind whatever you may draw. Try to see just how simple you can make it. And if you look at it carefully, you will see that even a fairly complex object is made up of straight and curved lines.

Perhaps, instead of a single tree, it is your own house that you would send greetings from and you will draw, very simply as you did when you were a child, a little house and put a tree on each side of it.



Perhaps there are trees on a hilltop you love that you too can make into a lovely design like this one



This Christmas card was designed by a fourteen-year-old pupil at the Skokie School of Winnetka, Illinois

One simple way of arranging your single motif is to cut it out of paper and put it in different places on your card, to see how it pleases you best. Remember that your motif should fill your card with just a little air around it. And put into the picture all of your motif—do not have half a

book or half a flower. If you are drawing a figure get all of it in the picture.

Now that you have your outline drawing, you will want to get it into shape to cut it out of linoleum. So look at it again, and try to see it in black and white. You may shade the parts that are to be black, and you will, of course, figure it out so that no two blacks nor two whites come together. If you decide on a dark background you will want a light object; if you have a white background you will have your rose or tree or book dark.

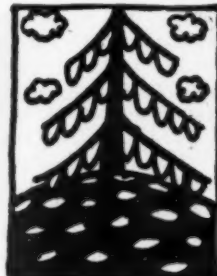
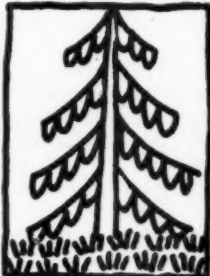
After your drawing is finished proceed to cut your linoleum block and print it as we directed in the October issue. If you missed the October issue, we shall be glad to send you one for fifteen cents in stamps.

And then send in a copy of your print for THE AMERICAN GIRL block print contest!

*Yes, a brand new contest for you—enter your best prints and have them published*

For we are going to have a national contest for your block prints. We have planned it because we know that many of you will be making lovely ones and we wish to

(Continued on page 53)



These designs which may grow into the Christmas card of the fourth picture or the bookplate of the fifth, are made by combining two simple motifs—the straight line and the half circle. The flower design on the opposite page requires only the four motifs shown in the first picture

By MARY FRANCES SHUFORD

# Midge,

*Midge's harum-scarum deeds*

Illustrations by



WHEN Midge was a junior she decided that the government at Oakdale Seminary was all the bunk. There wasn't anything about it that she liked. Every time she looked at the *Oakdale Seminary Handbook of Rules and Regulations* it set her off just like pressing an electric button.

"Why we have to obey all those laws," she would say, "I do not see. That book's just nothing but a pack of 'don'ts'. *Thou Shalt Not!* is all it says.

"Thou shalt not keep your light on after ten-thirty P. M.  
"Thou shalt not be out of your room from eight P. M. until ten P. M.

"Thou shalt not spend the night out of your room without permission.

"Thou shalt not leave the campus without registering at the office and naming your destination.

"Thou shalt not have a date except on Friday night.

"Don't! Don't! Don't!

"I certainly see no reason for all those don'ts. If I want to keep my light on after ten-thirty or be out of my room between eight and ten or spend the night with Flo that's my business and I don't see why the faculty thinks it's theirs and makes a lot of rules about it."

Sometimes Glo would say, "They were made so we could have fun breaking 'em."

That would start Midge off again.

"That's just the point. Nobody keeps those rules anyway."

One night she was having a grand time talking with a crowd of freshies, namely Janet Duffy and Millie Kincaid and Big Mary Downs and Laura Evans, who had come in to help eat a pan of fudge. Midge raved on for a couple of hours and to prove how easy it had always been for us to do as we pleased she told about our sophomore feast which we had had in a vacant house down the River Road. She also told about the fun we had riding to and from Aunt Lindy's tea house in the clothes baskets when we were freshmen and sophs. The freshies listened with all ears cocked forward. When Glo and I saw how well the story was being received we joined in and before we got through we had recited a pretty good tale. The freshies nearly cracked a rib laughing about our going down the trunk

*The Tolies had a parade with banners.  
"Give the Sinners a Chance," we sang*

chute rope to the basement and taking the Honorable Robert Adair, our venerable president, down by mistake and they were thrilled to a peanut when we told about the time we were campused and could not see Bob and Charlie and Cousin Leonard in the reception hall and we fixed up our own reception hall down in the basement.

Granny Newcombe, Midge's grandmother, was there listening to us. She didn't say a word, but once or twice I noticed she looked a little worried when she saw how the freshies were drinking in our conversation.

For the faculty to make our laws and act as policemen and a court of justice was the main thing about the government that riled Midge.

"We are not babies," she would say, "and I am sure we are quite capable of governing ourselves. Student government! That's what we want! Down with the faculty! Laws by the student, for the student, enforced by the student! That's my platform."

Midge felt so strongly on the subject that she and a whole bunch of seniors and juniors drew up resolutions and petitioned Dr. Adair and the faculty to let us have student government instead of faculty rule. Old Ajax turned a deaf ear to us and would have put our petition in the waste paper basket if it hadn't been for Granny Newcombe.

Granny came to visit us sometime in November and Old Ajax asked her to be Student Advisor. That suited every body. Granny is more or less a girl—her heart is young and she loves a good time—and she is also more or less an adult—she has lived a long time and occasionally I have had reason to believe that she knows a great many things that we don't. Anyway she is enough girl to get our point of view and enough grandmother to call Dr. Adair, Robert,

# Champion of the Oppressed

*rise out of the past to haunt her*

*John McCormick*

and tell him where to get off, if she thinks he's wrong.

Midge talked so much about this Student Government that finally Granny trotted down to see Robert about it. She and Old Ajax had many conferences before Old Ajax gave in. But finally she talked him into giving us all the rope we asked for, and Midge and her gang of reformers set about to establish student government and run the school.

We were to have a student council composed of a student president and eight council members. The work of the council was to act as the legislature and to suggest the laws. Then everybody in school voted on the laws and decided if we would have them or not. We were going to have just as few laws as possible.

"Freedom! Freedom! That's what we want," said Midge. "There's no reason why everybody shouldn't do as they please when they please."

"But," argued Granny, "there are some laws that are necessary for the common good. If every girl does as she pleases when she pleases we'll have nothing but confusion."

"We want," said Midge, "the greatest amount of freedom for every individual, and only the laws that are necessary for the common good." And she went all over school talking about that just as if it were her idea and Granny hadn't given it to her.

All she let the faculty have was one vote each when it came to electing the student president and council members. Granny had to talk her into letting the faculty have that much of a say so.

"The faculty has to live here," said Granny. "They ought at least to have a voice in the government."

I was keen to try the new government, but in all fairness I'll have to admit that with Midge at the helm the old Ship of State started rocking almost immediately. Glo and I weren't on the committee that drew up the constitution and

organized the government, but Midge was chairman and she fixed it to suit herself.

She started out with a flourish. She said if all the girls studied, no rules and regulations were necessary. She was going to send all the flunks home as soon as they flunked and thus the student body would soon be composed entirely of earnest students. Hence an arbitrary light bell and study hour would be automatically abolished as an unnecessary superfluity.

We tried going without light bell and study hour for about a week. The first night was just like home-coming night when all the alumnae are back and everybody goes to see everybody else. A good time was had by all and the fun lasted until along toward morning. The next night the sophs and freshies kept up the fun and by the fourth night I was a total wreck. Glo and I had a physics quiz coming and we simply had to study. We would try to learn something about the vibration of air in pipes and cavities and here would come Big Mary or Janet Duffy or Fay Nedmel or somebody else. Glo and I were desperate; we cornered Midge and her committee and told them that if we didn't have some protection from vibrating visitors we were going to be among the flunks. As for freedom we didn't have any. We weren't even free enough to get any sleep.

Finally we called a meeting of the whole student body and we all voted to have light bell ring and all lights off at ten-thirty and study hour with every girl in her own room from eight to ten. We saw very plainly that such a law was best for the community as a whole.

We also got other laws established by the trial-without-and-failure method. One night a telegram came for Laura Evans saying that her family was in Atlanta and for Laura to join them for the week-end. Granny hunted high and low for Laura but Laura was spending the night out according to the dictates of her fancy. Nobody knew where she was. Before she was found everybody in school

*The Goodies built a bonfire and had a mass meeting around it*



had been disturbed and Midge was kept up so long that she was sleepy in Latin class the next day and couldn't even read that all Gaul is divided into three parts.

We had another meeting of the student body and we all voted that, "No student shall be out of her room after ten-thirty P. M. unless she has permission from the dean." We also voted that no student should leave the campus without registering at the office and naming her destination.

I made the motion for that regulation because three afternoons we had an unexpected opportunity for extra basketball practice and we lost our golden chance because the team had gone off and nobody knew where they were.

It took us about a month to get a handbook of new laws published. When Midge brought it in she showed it to Granny with great pride and gusto.

"Granny," she said, "at last our student government committee has worked out the smallest number of laws by which we can all live and still let every individual have the maximum amount of freedom."

(Midge is getting awfully high-brow in her talk. Sometimes I can hardly understand her.)

Granny read the handbook.

"This all sounds sort of familiar to me," she said. "I have a notion I've read it before somewhere."

She went to her desk and pulled out an old faculty handbook. She compared the two. They were the same, rule for rule. We even had caller's night on Friday night just the same as usual. It had been a terrible nuisance having visitors come out to the Sem just any old time.

"Well, well," says Granny. "Your laws and the faculty's laws are just alike."

Midge looked sheepish. "No, they are not," she replied. "There's

a big difference. We made *these* rules ourselves because the majority of students wanted them and the faculty made *those* rules and forced them on us. And every girl is on her honor to keep these rules that the student body voted to have because we have proved that they are for the good of everybody and nobody felt honor-bound to keep the rules the faculty made because the faculty didn't show us the reason for them. All they said was 'We'll catch you if you don't obey.'"

"I hope everybody in school will see these differences as plainly as you do," says Granny.

The Ship of State sailed along pretty smoothly for a couple of weeks after the new handbook appeared. Then we got into rough water again.

The committee who drew up the constitution and organized the government was composed of three seniors, two juniors, one sophomore and one freshman. Lidia Dalrimple and Carrie Lamkin and Lola Regan were the seniors; Midge and Louise Watkins, juniors, and Florence Fowler, the sophomores, and Willy Smith, the freshman. They served as the policemen and police court until we could elect a president of the student government and a student council who could act as a permanent court of justice.

Midge had thought there would be no necessity for a police court because she had counted on everybody in school having as high a sense of honor as she had. It was a big shock to her when she discovered that some girls hadn't.

"I'm for sending all such folks as that home," said Midge. "The only students we want at the Sem are those who have enough honor to keep the laws the majority had made for our common good." She talked a great deal about it.

I followed her conversation as closely as I could but sometimes I couldn't help but get my mind on other things. There was basketball. The inter-class games were coming. Every year we played for a pennant. The seniors had won it three straight years. They were

so puffed up and cocky about it that we could hardly live in the school with them. This year, though, it looked as if the freshman team was strong enough to beat them.

Janet Duffy, a freshie, was the best forward I've ever seen. She could stand half-way to Atlanta and pitch the ball at the basket and make a goal every shot. More than once I noticed Lidia and Carrie and the other seniors look sickish when they watched Duffy practice. Then there was Big Mary Downs as freshie jumping center and little Willy Smith side center. Those two always managed to get the ball into Duffy's hands just at the right moment. It was really awfully hard for me to keep my mind on law and order when basketball season was at its height.

I came home one night, though, and found Midge and Granny in the middle of a hot argument. Four freshmen were up before the student committee for high crimes and misdemeanors and Midge was hot about it.

"Granny," she was saying, "we have given them every privilege possible and still they go out and

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Big Mary bought a tin cup and some dark glasses and a few pencils and fixed a sign. She was just about to make some money when a policeman came along and spoiled it all



Photograph by Dana Merrill

This charming table is set for a breakfast of orange juice, shredded wheat with cream, eggs, graham muffins and chocolate

## “Please Pass the Muffins”

*For breakfast tender, crisp, oozing butter; for tea delicious bits of lightness with fruit or covering a morsel of orange-dipped sugar; for supper with jam, dozens of them—hot muffins*

**H**OT, a little crunchy on the outside when your teeth bite in and then deliciously melting inside! Is there anything so perfect as a perfect muffin? Is there anything that is so satisfying a companion for your breakfast egg, or marmalade, or cocoa?

Or is there anything that will so effectively save the day when company comes in unexpectedly? It may be the maid's night out and you have volunteered to get supper—just a sketchy one out of the icebox for the family. Then Brother Jim wanders into the kitchen with the bland announcement, “I've brought Jerry Lynch and Tom home for supper. We're going to the basketball game afterward.”

It is one of those horrible moments—and then the blessed thought, “We can have some muffins and jam.” You mix them in a hurry and they go in a hurry. The boys eat hundreds, Mother smiles gratefully, and Dad says it's a pity Cora doesn't go out oftener!

And you have a housewifely pride in knowing that you have given them a healthful meal as well as a delicious one; in knowing that each one of those delicious morsels is packed with vitamins and phosphorus and other important sounding things that keep our bodies well and our

By WINIFRED MOSES

minds and dispositions happy.

But about that night when Brother Jim brings in Jerry, the tried and true, you are prepared. And it is surprising how very well prepared you can become with practice if you learn to make certain things.

Take muffins. The muffin which introduces the batter and dough family, as well as graham flour, is the chief representative of that branch of the family known as the drop batter, because it is thick enough to drop from a spoon. Cakes and waffles and emergency biscuits also belong to this side of the house of batters and doughs, cakes and waffles using a shade less flour, and the emergency biscuit a little more than that for muffins. Learn to make muffins—then try out all the relatives!

For a drop batter, the general proportions are one cup of liquid to two of flour, while for a pour batter—which is best represented by the popover—the proportions are one of liquid to one of flour. The pancake batter comes in between the two, being made with one cup of liquid to one and one-half cups of flour. A soft dough, best represented

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# Nancy Goes Girl Scouting

Illustrations by  
Thomas Skinner

*And writes of her adventures to her chum at home—the letters of a western girl who goes to live with her aunt in the city.*



DEAR PAL,  
It's wonderful to have you, and to know you are so interested in all the things I do. They all seem so very important to me, but I suppose they would just seem silly to lots of people.

Our patrol has just returned from a day in the hills. I think I wrote you that every one in the patrol is working for the Flower Finder Badge. Instead of making collections of pressed flowers, we find a flower and then draw an outline of it and color it to resemble the flower as nearly as we can. In this way it saves the flowers, for of course you know Girl Scouts work for the preservation of wild-flowers as well as of all wild life. We never pick a wild-flower unless there are many of its kind in bloom, and then only when we know that we can get the flowers to water before they will wilt. We think it is shameful when we see cars passing by decorated with poor wilted flowers and ferns. Why do people do such things?

To-day we were botanizing. Each girl would find a flower she had not yet drawn, drop down in front of it, bring out her pencils, crayons, and paper, and get to work. It must have looked comical to any one passing by to see us all squatted before flowers, as serious as young Buddhas, and drawing away. Some of the girls do excellent work. My pictures are pretty amateurish, and it is lucky we have to write a full description of the flower and the way it grows and scatters its seeds and everything, otherwise my columbine might be mistaken for a tiger-lily.

To-day we drove over to the hills, then followed a trail toward the summit until we found an open glade which was simply a mass of flowers. We had been there about an hour, when we heard the most blood-curdling screams. We had all been so quiet that those screams just seemed

to stab through us. We couldn't move for a minute. Then we jumped up and looked about, and suddenly discovered that two of the girls were missing.

"Where are Amy Ruth and Mary Brown?" we all exclaimed together.

Then we dashed in the direction from which the shrieks had come. As I passed the place where we had left our lunch and coats, I grabbed up the rope I had left there. I don't know why I picked up that rope. I guess I just wanted the feel of something in my hands. I noticed a couple of the girls grabbed sticks as they ran. The shrieks had come from behind some low brush which fringed the upper side of the glade.

I was almost in the lead of the rushing girls, and I shouted to the couple ahead of me, "Ease up at the brush. We don't know what is on the other side."

They were just about to dash through, but I can tell you they stopped in their tracks.

"What could be beyond?" they gasped and stopped and looked at me.

I couldn't imagine, but those shrieks had been awfully close at hand. I poked through the dense bushes, pushing downwards with a broken limb, and just gasped. The stick did not strike anything.

"Gracious! It's a cliff!" I exclaimed. "The girls have fallen through somewhere!"

Then we skirted along that fringe of thick brush trying to find where the girls had broken through.



*I got through the branches some way  
and out on the trunk beyond Amy Ruth*

In a minute one of the girls called, "Here's the place." And shrilled in a second, "Oh! Oh! I can see Mary Brown."

Well, you can believe we all pelted up to the girl, and sure enough down about twenty feet was Mary Brown. She was on a crumbly ledge of rock, holding on to some sage brush for dear life.

"Can you climb out?" shrieked the girls.

"I can't seem to do anything but hold on," she answered quietly. She was as white as death but very calm.

Some way one just couldn't think, seeing her like that. Then I just happened to glance down and discover that I had the rope in my hand. Of course! Why hadn't I thought of it!

I looked over the ledge.

"Mary Brown," I called down. "You aren't hurt, are you?"

"I don't think so," she answered.

"I'm dropping you a rope," I called again. "There's a loop at the end of it. Put your foot in the loop, and hold on higher up."

It was a lucky thing I had brought my rawhide rope that would hold most anything. You know, after the girls became interested in my roping and wanted to learn how to rope too, I sent to the ranch and got my own special rope.

The cliff was so steep and Mary was so close that I had no difficulty in slipping the rope down to her. All the other

By  
JEAN  
HENRY  
LARGE

girls had hold of the other end of the rope. I eased it down so that Mary could slip her foot into the noose before she let go of the bushes, then I slipped the rope over to her hands. She grabbed the rope with one hand, still holding on to the bush with the other. She slipped her hand up the

rope until she was standing erect, her foot in the noose by the bushes and her other foot still on the narrow rocky ledge.

In almost her natural voice she called, "Are you ready for me to put my weight on the rope?"

"All aboard," the girls shouted.

They braced themselves. Mary slowly let loose of her foot support and with her second hand grasped the rope. The rope sagged with her weight. It must have been a ghastly moment for Mary, for she couldn't help but think that she was too heavy for the girls and they were dropping her.

I sang out, "It's all right, Mary."

The color began coming back into her face, as she felt herself being gradually drawn upward. The girls pulled the rope slowly in, counting as they changed hands, so that too many should not let go at once, and I stooped at the edge of the cliff and kept a couple of our tunics rolled up in a tight round roll under the rope where it crossed the rocks. I have seen a rope fray out just where it rubbed too long over a fence bar.

As Mary's hands reached the top of the cliff I called to the girls to slow up and reached over and helped her to scramble over the edge. I tell you we all felt a little bit shaky when we got her there. Mary just lay on the ground and panted for a minute, then she popped open her eyes and asked, "Did you get Amy Ruth up?"

"Amy Ruth!"

We had entirely forgotten about Amy Ruth! Now we looked at each other in terror. We had not heard a single sound from Amy Ruth since those ghastly shrieks.

"Did she fall down, too?" we asked.

"I'm certain she did," Mary assured us. "We were racing up the hill and I ran for this side of that bush and she for the other side. We must have been almost even when

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An Honorable Mention picture from The American Girl Drawing Contest



Sent by Coral Sherwood, Jonquil Troop Nine, Colorado Springs, Colorado

THIS page is written and illustrated by Girl Scouts. On it are published your letters, not more than 275 words in length, telling of something interesting you have seen outdoors. You may also draw, in India ink, headings and illustrations for this page, as well as send in your Nature photographs.

Give your name, age and troop number. To every girl whose contribution is accepted, The Beholder will award a book.

### A Jungle Hike

Down in Fort Myers, Florida, a troop decided on a "six months jungle trip to South America" (all day hike in the country along trails and their own home town road). As this was a "scientific expedition," the girls collected specimens of the "flora and fauna" (the "fauna" largely represented by a pet collie), mapped out their route from Para to Tibitinga to Trinidad to Lake Titicaca, and finally back to Florida through the Panama Canal, and returned at last to relate tales of thrilling encounters with jungle beasts (mosquitoes, a wasp, and a moccasin snake).

"Our journey began at Para (Pondela)," writes Sylvia Baker, in describing this trip through her explorer's glasses, "with the doctor, Sir Hopkins John, the guide, the cook and myself as members.

"I arrived from the U. S. (Fort Myers) by boat (really), two weeks (a half hour) before the start, and was introduced to the other members with the exception of John whom I had known before, in the States. Dr. Cutler eyed me with some distaste at first, undoubtedly because I was the only woman and the youngest member of the party—being 18 (14). He soon got over this.

"Two weeks (a half hour) after my arrival the expedition set out. We were well supplied with food and our pack mule (a collie dog) carried the heavy luggage (his own self). We were given a motherly goodbye by Mrs. Rosser who kissed me in her loving way. And so we left to penetrate great (small) South American (Floridian) jungles on a six month (6 hour) journey.

"Our guide went first with myself following. After us came the rest of the

## The Beholder

"Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder"

party. The first day we journeyed five miles—quite a bit for the perilous jungles, blazing sun, dangerous animals and insects. I bunked in one of the tree tops while the men put up in others.

### Song of the Hickories

Inspired by their Trysting Place  
At Camp Edith Macy, New York

Hickory Hollow, moot spot of the Hickories,

Place of shifting shadow and of golden light,

Of twittering bird and slender, dancing trees,

All whispering and swaying first to left and then to right.

In the nearby greenery, locust drones his lazy song,

And in the grass, the cricket gay I hear,

Strumming the note he holds the whole day long,

Nor ever ceases, but continues shrill and clear.

The sun's bright rays stream through the trees

Casting on earth pale lacy traceries,  
God's message of love seems borne on the breeze

To Hickory Hollow,—moot spot of the Hickories.

By MILDRED KAHN



A picture of the jungle hikers in action

"Our second month (hour) out brought us to Tibitinga (Big Cypress Head). Here we had to pass through a dense tropical swamp. The mosquitoes nearly created havoc and came near having Larry, as I had learned to call our cook, laid out. We were naturally pretty well acquainted and though I never, during the whole trip, could bring myself to call Sir Hopkins anything but his proper name, I had, however, started calling the Right Honorable Dr. Frederick William Cutler, Willy. He (she) had assured me that I was not being disrespectful in calling him thus.

"The third month (hour) we arrived at Trinidad where we camped for two weeks. The doctor had observed some new specimens, so desired to camp awhile. We had had a very enjoyable time so far. The second day of our stay we sighted a tapir (Ford) on a native footpath (old used trail).

"I believe it must have been that instinct, only, that could have made him so suddenly and abruptly face about and deliberately come slowly in our direction. We ducked for cover which fortunately was near and awaited our fates anxiously—very much so! This was only a little experience and very unimportant compared to our other previous happenings. Clothes torn off going through the jungle, and innumerable pestering insects! At that, these did please the doctor, for every new specimen delighted him greatly.

"At the end of the two weeks the Doctor announced that we should not need to venture any further into these mystifying jungles, for he had found all the specimens he desired to have. Thus we did not arrive at Lake Titicaca (Abel's Pond) but I can truthfully say that none of us regretted not going farther. Not that we had not enjoyed ourselves, but we did not care to risk the dangers of the jungles.

"When we arrived at Para (Pondela) some while later we were greeted by a good deal of the populace (cats, dogs, and chickens) but we were not seeking publicity, but a bath, a meal and a bed.

"We set sail for the good old U. S. A. a month (hour) later and it was with the greatest pleasure that I placed my foot upon the truest soil of all the world."



At the Bookland Ball in Rochester, New York, these girls made up a real International cover for *The American Girl*

Meg and Jo and Beth and Amy and even Marmee came to a book party in Montclair, New Jersey. Here is Jo (Below)



# A Bookland Ball

*It is the jolliest way to celebrate Book Week, which begins on November thirteenth*

By LILLIAN SAMUELSON and MARGARET MOCHRIE



Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim, cut of Dickens, go to a book party in Duluth

**R**OBINSON CRUSOE leading Alice in Wonderland in the grand march; Roselle of the North paired with Captain Hook of Peter Pan fame; Raggedy-Ann walking with the Sleeping Beauty's prince; the cook from the pages of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* stepping out with Jack Horner, and Priscilla Mullens on the arm of a swaggering Robin Hood! Oh, it was gay and fantastic! A visitor, suddenly set down in the midst of it, would have thought he had stepped through a magic looking-glass or a cuckoo clock or was dreaming a delightful hodgepodge of his favorite stories.

"Where am I and what is this?" he would have murmured

hesitatingly to old Mother Goose—for strangers are usually timid, and pick out friendly-looking people to pop their questions at.

And Mother Goose would have replied, "Alack-a-day, young man, don't you know that you're in Rochester, in the state of New York, at the Bookland Birthday Ball that the First Class Girl Scouts Association is giving? Dear me, you're almost as stupid as Simple Simon, aren't you?"

Of course, you really aren't stupid at all if you don't know what a Bookland Ball is. In fact, we didn't know ourselves until one Saturday night last year when our group of First Class Girl Scouts sat before a crackling fire dis-

cussing our plans and ambitions for the coming year.

"Let's do something really big," said one.

"And give the money to building that new recreation hall at camp," added another.

"Let's have a play," suggested a third.

"Or a costume ball," someone else spoke up.

And then everyone began talking at once about balls and costumes and doing something original and, before we knew it, we'd decided to have a Bookland Ball with everybody dressed up like a character in her favorite book and we were going to make it a birthday party, too, because it was going to celebrate the fifteenth birthday of the Girl Scouts of America! You know how ideas pop at such a time.

We appointed a committee to take charge of details and they plunged in at once.

We decided to make it a real costume ball—not merely a rally. Every troop in the city was to receive an invitation telling it to choose a book which it wanted to represent, and to have its members dress as the characters out of that book. Each girl who attended was to be asked to bring as many pennies as she was years old. That was the birthday part of the ball, you see, and also the part which was to be responsible for the new camp recreation hall.

We composed the invitations in verse, and sent them to the troops, to the local council members, and to—oh, everyone! And, from then on, things began to happen rapidly. We were given permission to use the high school building and the Rochester Inter-high School Band consented to play. The publicity and entertainment committees went around with preoccupied expressions and the air of being engaged in weighty affairs of state. And really, what with planning the program and visiting newspaper editors and writing weekly articles to appear on the Girl Scout page

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# Books You Have Helped to Make

*Have you heard about the many books which have appeared, either in whole or in part, in our own American Girl? Here are the authors—and they say they thought of you when they were writing*

*Helen Ferris and her friend, Virginia Moore, have written a book on careers for girls, called "Girls Who Did." This Girl Scout is telling our Editor she wishes to be a nurse or a chemist*

*What fun! Above, Ethel Cook Eliot reading one of her stories to some Girl Scouts in her home—and who can ever forget her exciting mystery, "Waul and Dyke"? Below, our Constance Lindsay Skinner directing tableaux from her books, "Roselle of the North" and "Becky Landers." Here are the two heroines we all know!*





Above and to the right you see none other than Augusta Huiell Seaman on the roof of our National Headquarters, finishing a treasure hunt. "Sally Simms Adventures It" appeared in our magazine, and her latest mystery is "The Shadow on the Dial"

Above and to the right is Hazel Rawson Cades showing her young and charming daughter her latest clothes page in "The American Girl"! "Every Girl can be Good Looking" is the encouraging title of her book—and who doesn't want to be!

And here is May Lamberton Becker in her library, showing these girls the books she has enchantingly described in her own book, "Adventures in Reading." You will also see in the picture our new "Girl Scout Stories," that book of the most popular stories published in our magazine



The photograph of Miss Ferris is by VANDAMM; photograph of Miss Cades by PAUL PARKER; and photographs of Miss Skinner, Mrs. Seaman and Mrs. Becker are by HIRAM MYERS



Edith Ballinger Price in her own yard with her own Newport Girl Scout friends. Everyone knows and loves her stories. And now she has written and illustrated a book of poems for girls, "The Four Winds." One of the poems was in last month's magazine. "Ship of Dreams" is her latest adventure book



The pictures on these pages and the two preceding are our American Girl convention of authors. Here is Jane Abbott in her home in Buffalo reading from the manuscript of her new book, "Dan's Daughter," which appeared in the magazine as "Heart's Desire."

**G**IRL Scout leaders from everywhere—our National Council to greet them—our national officers and national staff to talk things over with them—and friendliness all along the way.

### *Welcome to Camp Edith Macy*

One of the best parts of Girl Scouting is that our leaders like to go camping just as much as we do. And we have all been very happy this past year to think that the Girl Scout leaders of the whole United States now have a camp of their own—Camp Edith Macy, just across the way from our own Camp Andrée. It was here, the ten days before convention, that over two hundred of our leaders from all parts of the United States went camping together, along with Mrs. Herbert Hoover who was their camp chief, and Mrs. Rippin and Mrs. Newell and Doctor Adams and Miss Louise Price and Miss Oleda Schrottky and Doctor Cady and any number of others. Those were glorious days, with autumn's red brightening the hills and the fields gay with goldenrod and asters, and apples to eat and the tang of smoke in the air. There was outdoor cooking, with no meal more delicious than the trench dinner planned by none other than our National Director—showing your captain if she was there what a Black Hawk Indian taught her about the art of roasting chicken in a trench (and what a delicious flavor those cabbage leaves wrapped 'round gave!) There were nature walks and dramatics and singing of the old, old songs

every side were from California or Georgia or Nebraska or Maine or Pennsylvania or some other far-away state?

Some of us knew each other from conventions and from other Girl Scout get-togethers. Others of us were new in Girl Scouting and had come to such a national gathering for the first time the day before, when the Manhattan Council of Girl Scouts had entertained us so delightfully at a tea in their own headquarters. But it didn't matter whether it was the first time or the first one-hundredth time, we smiled and talked to those around us, and the badges we all wore told our names at once and the towns from which we had come.

You will be interested to know that this great convention was organized just as your troop is organized. In fact, we were a troop, with Mrs. Herbert Hoover, our First Vice-President, as our Captain, since Dean Arnold, our President, was unable to be with us. And with Mrs. Choate and Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Delano

# The Girl Scout

*Like a big Girl Scout troop whose land our leaders met to talk and*

which we all so love to sing. There were camp fires in the Great Hall, and every day new Girl Scout friends were made and ideas passed along for your troop.

### *Friends Together at Convention*

And then came convention! It is the friendliness of our Girl Scout conventions of which everyone speaks first. Can't you imagine the thrill of that Wednesday morning at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City when eighteen hundred Girl Scout leaders came together? When the members of our National Council were introduced to us and our neighbors on

and the other members of our National Council and Mrs. Rippin, our National Director, as our lieutenants. And with the whole convention dividing into patrols by regions and in other ways so that we could talk together to our heart's content, and so that our Court of Honor could take back to the convention as a whole what we had been discussing and planning for Girl Scouting.

Nor did all the suggestions and plans come from Girl Scout leaders. We were honored to have with us such distinguished speakers as Dr. Augusta F. Bronner of the Judge Baker Foundation, Boston, Professor William Kilpatrick of Columbia University and Major Arthur W. Procter, secretary of the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, who opened for us new hopes and new dreams for our Girl Scouts everywhere.

### *Greetings from Our President*

We missed our own Dean Arnold, our President, from among those who met so happily together. But we were happy that she is recovering so splendidly from her summer's illness. Her greetings, read by Mrs. Julius S. Barnes, the Corresponding Secretary of our National Executive Committee, made us feel her with us. And all through the week, not a day nor a session passed without our thought of her and our renewed pledge to strive toward the ideals for Girl Scouting which she holds so steadfastly before us.



Clarice Detzer could not have written so thrilling a mystery story of the Great Lakes as "The Island Mail" if she had not lived there herself. She is pointing out to some Girl Scouts who camped near her home the very lighthouse she wrote about in that story.

# Way at Convention

*members came from every corner of the plan and carry on in Girl Scouting*

## *In Memory of Our Founder Juliette Low*

"She gave the lead, she is not dead if we but keep alive the spirit that was hers!"

A beautiful tribute was paid by Mrs. Arthur Choate to our Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low, who left us last January. Vivid in the memory of us all was Mrs. Low as she was during the days of the 1926 World Camp at Camp Edith Macy. Mrs. Choate recalled the first days of Girl Scouting in the United States, and Mrs. Low's high purpose and determination that the girls of this country should have Girl Scouting, and her incessant work which overcame all obstacles and established the movement in the United States. The stories which she told of Juliette Low, colorful, sprightly stories, will be included in the book which is now being written about our Founder, and when that book is published it will be one to be cherished by every Girl Scout.

Mrs. Choate also told of the plans of the Memorial Committee. It has been decided to place at National Headquarters in New York, in the "Little House" in Washington, D. C., and in the Savannah, Georgia, Headquarters, where Girl Scouting in America started, a bronze tablet in her memory. Copies of these in a smaller size will be available for any local Council or camp. But more than this there is to be a memorial in which every Girl Scout, every Girl Scout troop and every friend of Mrs. Low may share. And that is the Juliette Low Memorial

Fund, the income of which will each year be used to further the work to which Mrs. Low's deepest devotion was pledged, the work of promoting and spreading Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding the world over—our International Sisterhood,—a contribution to World Peace and good will! Just how the money will be used will be decided each year and from time to time by the National Board of Directors of the Girl Scouts.

There are many ways in which the interest from the Juliette Low Memorial Fund may be used: helping the poorer countries to send delegates to international meetings or camps, helping countries to get captains by sending a representative possibly from the International Council to speak before their women's colleges or other groups, financing the exchange of visiting leaders to conduct training courses in various countries, and other projects which will help the growth and effectiveness of Girl Scouting and Girl Guiding throughout the world.

All at our convention felt that this memorial expresses an ideal which Juliette Low herself embodied, and that it will continue the very work she herself was doing from the time she first entered

the movement in England until the day of her death. We hope to have the fund collected by International Day, the twenty-second of February, 1928—and so as you and your troop wish to share in it, send your contribution to Mrs. Arthur O. Choate, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Do not hesitate if your contribution cannot be a large one. Some Girl Scout will send a birthday gift to the fund by sending one cent for each year of her own age—others will send twenty-five cents; others more—whatever she wishes to give out of her love. To have every Girl Scout and every Girl Scout Leader share in the Fund is



*Alida Sims Malkus herself lived through most of the Mexican adventures of "Raquel of the Ranch Country"—yet, it has been made into a book, too. Here she is showing a Girl Scout the horse she has just been riding*

the desire of the Memorial Committee to make it a lasting expression of the love and gratitude and the admiration which we shall always feel toward our Founder.

## *And the Girl Scouts Were There, Too*

Yes, some Girl Scouts were there in person, acting as aides, and ready to help any minute. But the Girl Scouts from all parts of the United States were there, too. Convention days were filled with echoes of, "The girls in our camp planted 3,000 trees last summer"; "Our troop gave a wild flower pageant and interested our town in the conservation of wild flowers"; "Our Golden Eaglets have formed a chapter of the Order of Golden Eaglets and are going to meet in October to plan their service work for the year"; "Our troop carried on a tent caterpillar campaign"; "Every troop in our town dramatized folk lore last year." There was time for such reports—and there wasn't a leader to be seen who didn't take notes for her girls back home. If your leader was so fortunate as to come to this convention ask her to tell you all about it, if indeed she hasn't already done so, which she probably has!

## *Ho, for the World Camp*

That was a thrilling morning when we all heard about The World Camp. First came Mrs. Lyman Delano's report on the  
(Continued on page 57)



*Golden days of autumn and over two hundred Girl Scout leaders together at Camp Edith Macy just before convention meeting Mrs. Herbert Hoover, whom you see here, Mrs. Rippin and our other National officers and trying new ways of camping and cooking*



*She will not retain the natural grace and poise of youth if she does not wear light, easy fitting shoes which allow bones and muscles to develop as nature intended*

*Right Now—*  
you are deciding  
your future poise and  
grace of carriage . .

**T**HE College Prom of a few years from now, your debut, dances and teas—will your bodily poise and grace of carriage help you to hold your own at those gay parties?

That is a question you are answering every time you play a game of basketball, go on a hike, or even for a leisurely stroll.

For more important than almost any other factor in developing well-formed feet and ankles, erect and graceful carriage, are the shoes you wear in your grammar and high school age.

That is why many famous specialists recommend that young women wear Keds.

For Keds—light, pliant, springy—make young feet and ankles develop themselves as nature intended—high

arched, well proportioned, slender, strong.

And Keds are smart. Every one of the thirty different models of Keds has been designed for perfect athletic efficiency with the greatest possible beauty.

#### 6 Women Tennis Champions wear Keds

During 1926, Keds were the choice of more champion athletes, of more school teams than any other shoe.

Gripping ground or floor sure-footedly, lending speed and graceful lithe-ness, Keds help to athletic success, give perfect foot comfort while allowing feet to develop as nature intended.

Insist on Keds. They come in over thirty different styles, priced from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Keds are made only by the

**United States Rubber Company**

They are not **Keds**  
unless the name *Keds*  
is on the shoe . .



**THE "JUNO"**  
A smart shoe for athlet-ics. White or brown with vulcanized crepe soles

## Cat's Cradle

(Continued from page 23)

children!" remonstrated Mr. Parsons to the guard. "Have you no better cell for my wife and baby and daughter, at least?" But the guard shook his head.

Shirley Anne's brain was numb with the disaster. She dimly sensed the danger of their position, the horror of this vile dungeon, the rumor they had heard on the way here, that presently they would all be marched off to Mexico. But it all seemed as nothing to her compared with the treacherous disloyalty of Don Pablo, on the genuineness of whose friendship she would have been willing to bank everything. Her mother felt very much the same way. Only Mr. Parsons had an excuse for Don Pablo's utter repudiation of them.

"He was on military duty," argued Mr. Parsons. "A man can't indulge in the ordinary civil courtesies at a time like that. Besides, it's even possible he didn't recognize us in the hurry and confusion of the thing. I don't believe he'd leave us in such a fix if he had. I'll tear a sheet of paper out of my notebook, bribe that guard to find me pen and ink, and write a note to Don Pablo. Don't lose courage. We'll soon be out of here!"

Shirley Anne never could remember how they got through the shuddering horror of that night. The guard brought them a miserable meal and a single candle which he warned them to use economically, as it was all they would get. For the consideration of some good American money, he also brought Mr. Parsons some ink and a pen, and a letter was dispatched to Señor Uvalde.

Morning arrived at last, but not the hoped-for reply. Another day dragged on. Shirley Anne helped her mother with the baby and none spoke unless it was absolutely necessary. Then, late in the afternoon, the guard entered, handed Mr. Parsons a note from Captain Uvalde—so he said.

With a flare of renewed hope, Shirley and her mother pressed close to Mr. Parsons while he lighted the candle and read the missive. It proved to be from the Captain's military aide, and ran as follows:

"Captain Uvalde greets you, Señor. Be assured that he is awake to who you are. Tonight he is as grateful and, as you know, as ready to assist you as ever. He has not forgotten your kindness. But he is a Mexican soldier. His country comes first. He must put aside even the claims of friendship. He is extremely sorry but he can do nothing to help you.

"Luis Navarro,  
"Aide to Captain Pablo Uvalde."

"Heartless! Outrageous!" exclaimed Mr. Parsons bitterly, crushing the note and hurling it to the floor. "I wouldn't have believed such a thing possible—after all we did for him!"

"Does it—does it mean—he won't help us?" stammered Shirley Anne, picking up and smoothing out the letter.

"Absolutely!" muttered Mr. Parsons, and sitting down on his rickety cot bed, his head in his hands, he would say no

"The Three Disgraces sat in gloomy consideration of Christmas"—

more. Mrs. Parsons went over to the pallet on the opposite side of the cell and lay down without another word beside the sleeping baby, while Shirley Anne read the letter again despairingly.

"Blow out the candle, Shirley Anne. We must try to save it," whispered her mother. "And you'd better lie down by me and try to get a little sleep."

It was some time later in the evening when Mr. Parsons, who had fallen into the heavy sleep of exhaustion and despair, felt himself being gently shaken, and a low voice whispered in his ear:

"Father, father, wake up! I want to talk to you—something very important!" Mr. Parsons roused himself with an effort and some secret impatience at being brought again to consciousness of the dreadful realities. But Shirley Anne was plainly laboring under keen excitement and was not to be denied. He raised himself on his elbow and replied, "Well, say on!"

"Listen, Father! Do you remember how I used to play cat's cradle with the Señor Uvalde—how he enjoyed it?"

"Yes, but did you wake me only to tell me this?"

"Oh, wait—wait! Light the candle, please, Father. I want to show you something." Mr. Parsons, struggling with increasing impatience, groped for the flint and tinder box and lit the scrap of candle that still remained. Shirley Anne leaped for Captain Uvalde's crumpled note and held it under her father's eyes, pointing to the pen scratches down in one corner.

"Would you say that these scratches looked anything like the cat's cradle,—one of the ways the cord is held?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Yes—yes, it might, with some stretch of imagination! But what of it?"

"Oh, I knew it, I knew it! It came to me in the dark when I lay thinking of the note—just as plain! All of a sudden I knew those marks were meant to say 'cat's cradle'. And then I knew it meant something else. Listen, Father, while I tell you what happened a day or two before the Señor left the ranch two years ago." And Shirley Anne recounted all the curious conversation of that hot afternoon under the chinaberry tree. "Father, he made me say it—over and over again—'*It is magic to skip the first and take every fifth.*' I was to remember it in time of trouble. Can it mean anything, do you think—anything about this letter?"

With a smothered cry of excitement, Mr. Parsons seized the crumpled note and examined it by the guttering flame of the candle-end.

"Mean anything? I should say it did!" he exclaimed after a few moments of hectic study. "Look here! Skip the first word of this letter and then count every fifth. Do you see what it reads?—'*Be awake tonight—and—ready!*' It's so plain that you can't possibly mistake it. The rest of the letter is irrelevant. That's all he wanted to get to us. Good old Pablo Uvalde!"

It was far into the night when they heard a grinding, sliding noise and there was a light in the room thrown by a lantern in some person's hand. The light

showed that the person had not entered by the usual door but by an aperture in the wall where a large stone had in some way been slipped back. The visitor's face was covered by his cloak but immediately he dropped it and they saw that it was indeed Uvalde.

The ensuing events were something of a blur to Shirley Anne. A shuddering journey of what seemed interminable length, through a noisome subterranean passageway, an emergence into the cellar of a house, up a ladder into a deserted kitchen, and they stood at last face to face with Uvalde.

"I have but a very few moments to spend with you," he whispered hurriedly. "I have subjected myself to terrible danger in this effort to rescue you, but I count that as naught when I think of all you did for me. Thank the good God I have got you safely thus far! Long ago I discovered that this house was once the home of a former jailer of the prison and was connected with it by that underground passage. And when I knew I could not save you from arrest, I had you put and kept in the cell with which it connects. As you must have guessed now, I was a spy two years ago, employed by my government to discover the strength and the weakness of this region, when chance threw me helpless into your way.

"But I had determined, after what you did for me, that you should not suffer if worst came to the worst. So I taught the little señorita a secret code for deciphering messages, not explaining to her its meaning, but trusting that her clever little brain would be able to put it to use when the time came. I pray you keep it a secret always. My life would be forfeit were my government to know what I have done. Go now, quickly through the back door to the next street. By the river you will find two horses saddled and tied to a tree. Mount them and fly to your ranch, keeping by the river road. It is not well watched. There is not a moment to lose. They are changing the guard now and you will not be noticed. Heaven keep you! I have paid my debt in the only way I could. *Adios!*"

Without giving them time to thank him, he pushed them unceremoniously through the back door. Shirley Anne was the last to leave and as she wrung his hand in silent gratitude, she felt something thrust into her palm. Then the door was shut and they were left alone in the starlight.

Long hours after, when they were plodding along the trail on horseback miles away from San Antonio and the vicinity of the Mexican army, Shirley Anne, riding on a pillion behind her father, realized that she still clutched something tightly and unconsciously in the palm of her right hand. As she could not then see what it was, she thrust it into the bosom of her dress to wait for daylight and a further examination. Later, when dawn had broken and they had dismounted, she drew out a scrap of paper and deciphered these words, which she read aloud: "I am teaching cat's cradle to my little daughter in Mexico City!"

## Gym meets call for spotless middies . . .

. . . and it's easy to make yours shining white! Simply wash them in Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha brings you unusually good soap, combined with plenty of naptha. The naptha loosens the dirt and grease. The soapy suds wash it away. The extra help of the two cleaners working together does the heavy rubbing for you.

Your mother will be glad to know about the extra-help that's in Fels-Naptha. She'll find it takes the hardest work out of soap-and-water tasks. Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha Soap. Order some today.



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Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

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BROTHERS  
COUGH DROPS**



5¢

**Use Cuticura Soap  
And Ointment  
To Heal Sore Hands**

*That's how Jane Abbott's new two part story begins in the next issue*



## The New Crepe Twist Bags

### Make Them for Gifts!

Just the thing for Christmas gifts are the lovely new bags, embroidered with Dennison Crepe Twist in all colors on canvas patterns. They are so easy to make and cost so little for materials that you will want to make several of them for yourself and your friends. You can make money selling them, too, if you wish.

### Instructions for Making—Free!

You can get Dennison Crepe Twist in a wide range of beautiful colors and all the other materials you need, together with *free* printed instructions at stationery and department stores and many drug stores. Or simply send this coupon and let us send you by mail *free* the step-by-step directions for making these smart bags. Why not let us include some of the famous Dennison-craft books? They suggest and give directions for making hundreds of clever gifts. See coupon.

## Dennison-craft

Dennison's, Dept. 27-L, Framingham, Mass.

Please send me free directions for making the New Crepe Twist Bags

Name .....

Street or (R.F.D.) .....

City.....State.....

(If you wish us to include some of these famous Dennison books, check those you want and enclose life for each.)

.....Crepe Paper Costumes.....Crepe Paper Flowers

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.....Party Magazine (20 cents)



Enjoy your favorites again at home! This remarkable device projects scenes from latest photoplays by merely holding it before any light. Size of picture governed by intensity of light and distance from wall. The 25 scenes include important still scenes from 14 recent big pictures and some of the stars in these pictures are Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan. 15 stars positively appear in the film sent with this outfit. Send \$1 for Your Outfit TODAY.

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Metal Arts Co., Inc., 754 Portland Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

## Glenna Collett

(Continued from page 12)

many costly blunders besides, that I early learned the value of the smile; so I developed a good nature toward the game."

Which is another way of saying she got to be a good sport, isn't it?

"At the foot of the ladder, then, I was much like any beginner," Glenna Collett goes on, "with the selfsame prospects of success or failure. Once in the proverbial blue moon I got off a particularly good shot and, urged on by its success, I kept on my way with right good cheer. I always seemed to keep up a fine edge for the game, took a great deal of pleasure out of playing, and at once fell into the habit of hitting them hard.

"But even today, some of the characteristics of my beginning days still cling to me; for instance, a little shakiness at the knees."

It is comforting, isn't it, to know that Glenna Collett, too, gets shaky? But she goes right on, just as though nothing were the matter—a good hint for any aspiring athlete who knows what shakiness is.

"Up to now I have been telling you some of the little things that made the first days of my golf interesting and worth while to me. I am now going to tell you a few of the things that helped to build up my game. I was in no way a tomboy, and yet I very soon learned the trick of giving the ball a good sound crack.

"I think it is fortunate for me that I did not begin the game in that period of my life when it would seem important to me to be ladylike in all my doings, for I think it is in just that respect that girls and women fall down in their game, being too set on sending the ball on its journey with a gentle sweep. Had I begun a little later in life I suppose I should have been bothered about doing it in a ladylike manner, but as it was I had no scruples at all in the matter, and I got the most enjoyment that a lusty swing could produce.

"And then there is practise. Every beginner must practise—but don't overdo it. It should be a pleasure. The attitude in which you approach your practise has much to do with its effectiveness. There is no drudgery to be thought of in connection with it. Love for the game and an abundant fund of enthusiasm will change the drab color of practise to a roseate hue. Playing the game is without doubt very good practise, but practise while playing the game is very much out of place.

"To find out how you are going in your game, it is quite necessary to try it out in competition. I know I was more enthusiastic in my first days than I am now about tournaments, or at least I have learned to keep my feelings more to myself now. I was very apt in those days to show just how I felt in all matters, and I often had a chance to see just how poorly I could do."

She faced her own failures, you see. "Tournaments are the means of

showing you that 'there are others' in the game, and I was always anxious to see those others," says Glenna Collett. "They teach you also not to have too good an opinion of yourself, and that conceit is fatal to any athlete's game."

Glenna Collett goes on to make suggestions about a practise place at home, a valuable idea for every girl athlete.

"I advise a boy or girl to have a practise place at home. It is dangerous to hit golf balls around the neighborhood, for they have a habit of going far when you least expect them to do so. Even if you try to hit them against a blanket hung on the clothesline, one will be sure to sky right over the top, or else slice at an exact right angle to the side. My father had a practise place in the attic. It was made of blankets and netting. The net was on both sides and on the top. The blanket was in the front. Against this blanket, hung from the top, a person might hit as hard as he wished. The ball would fall limply to the carpet.

"I have seen baseball players throw balls at the pillows on the bed; it is on the same principle. Be sure, however, not to practise where you may do harm."

If you read our series of articles by Helen Wills last summer, you will remember how she emphasized the importance of trying certain difficult strokes over and over again, of practising them on the tennis court, in the back yard, in a field, anywhere. When Suzanne Lenglen was only a child on the Riviera, she was hard at work trying to hit a certain spot on the lawn or driveway. We know a splendid basketball forward who perfected her aim by nailing a barrel hoop to a post in her back yard—the right height from the ground, of course—and practising her shots from every possible angle.

No matter what the game is in which you are most interested, if you are ingenious, you can work out ways such as these in which you may practise.

What Glenna Collett says about self-control is something about which we all have thought, many times. A good player never loses her head. Helen Wills is noted for her calmness.

"The first thing about Alexa Stirling, the well-known golf player, that attracted my admiration was her wonderful poise, particularly on the links," says Glenna Collett. "She was never flustered, never hurried, and seemed at all times sure of herself. I guessed that she possessed a wonderful temperament, and I have learned since that she does."

What is your athletic temperament—an important question.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Next month, you will have more practical suggestions from Glenna Collett on improving your favorite game, no matter what it is. Meanwhile, why don't you carry out her practise idea? Your own athletic improvement always comes back to you, you see. The quotations in this book are taken from Glenna Collett's book "Golf, for Young Players," published by Little, Brown and Company. H. F.

When you're in doubt about what to give your chum for Christmas—

## "I am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 19)

without being misunderstood. I've always taken my troubles to her.

"But don't you really like being depended on?" she said. "Wouldn't you rather miss it if you weren't regarded as a little wiser than Connie?"

"I—I don't know," I answered hesitatingly. "But I would like to try being the younger for awhile. They always seem to have so many allowances made for them. Why, the other day, Connie brought home three people for dinner—and it was housecleaning time! She should have remembered, but she didn't. And, although she was awfully sorry afterward and helped with the dishes, and did everything she could, I had to rush down to the store for more lamb chops and help Mother dish out the pudding to make it go 'round. And yet, I know if I'd been the one, Mother would have been much more stern about it. She expects me to think about housecleaning and chops, but she doesn't expect Connie to."

"Just the same," Julia persisted, "I don't believe you really mind as much as you think you do. And I think you're even a little proud of being thought a responsible person. By the way," she added, "have you ever thought of asking Connie how she likes being younger?"

I laughed at that—I couldn't help it—and said I didn't think Connie could possibly be sane and not admit she was the lucky one.

But Julia raised her eyebrows in that funny little way she has and replied, "Don't be too sure. Ask her and see."

So I did—last night. And—well—! Connie was combing her bob and setting the wave in front of the mirror. And when I said, "Really, now, don't you think you have the best of it, being the younger?" She just dropped the comb and folded her arms and exclaimed:

"The best of it! Glory, Amy, have some sense! You're the one that has the best of it. Why, Mother and Father believe you can do almost anything, and they listen to what you think about things, and they treat you like a grown-up human being. But they never take me seriously—not ever! I tell you, I'm sick and tired of being looked on as a child! The best of it! Oh my, Amy, you're funny!"

So there you are. I wonder what other older sisters—and younger ones, too—think about it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is your own special page of THE AMERICAN GIRL. On it, every month, a real girl writes about the problem which most troubles her. We asked this "older sister" to write about her difficulties—and if you are an older sister yourself, won't you write about how you are solving your problem? Also, won't you give suggestions to this older sister about how she may solve her difficulties? If you address the envelope to Helen Ferris and mark it "Personal," she will be the only one to read it—and she will write to you. Next month, this girl's younger sister will tell her side of the case.

# NOW PEGGY is wiser about washing



"LET'S look at the pictures we took this summer," said Polly, getting out her Kodak-book.

"Remember that, Polly?" said Peg, pointing out a snapshot of a girl very busy at a wooden wash-tub. "That was me. What a time I had that day! I simply couldn't get those woolen stockings clean."

"Oh, that reminds me, Peggy," answered Polly, jumping up and taking a slip of paper from her desk in the corner. "I wrote to Janet Read at the Colgate Company about washing woolen stockings after I saw the troubles you had. This is what she says:

### Follow these directions

"Prepare a lukewarm, lasting suds (100° F.). You can best do this by using FAB because it dissolves quickly and completely and is pure, mild and safe.

"Two tablespoonfuls of Fab to each gallon of water are usually sufficient. New stockings or hard water require more soap.

"Wash quickly. Do not soak. Squeeze the lukewarm suds repeat-

edly through the soiled parts. Do not rub. Wash in second lukewarm suds.

"Then rinse thoroughly, using two or three lukewarm rinses. For white wool use bluing.

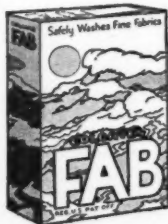
"Place between towels and roll tightly or pass through wringer. Remove from towels immediately and shape.

"If you have forms for your hosiery it is best to use them for drying. Otherwise be sure to shape the stockings carefully. Always dry wool in a moderate temperature—never in the sun or outside on a cold day.

"For any further information about washing stockings or other laundering and stain removal, just write to me."

"Now isn't that much better than guessing and taking chances? It is so easy and besides it will help me earn my laundry merit badge."

Janet Read will be glad to send you, too, directions for washing anything washable . . . and a generous sample box of FAB. Just fill in the coupon.



Janet Read, Colgate & Co., Dept. A-11  
595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

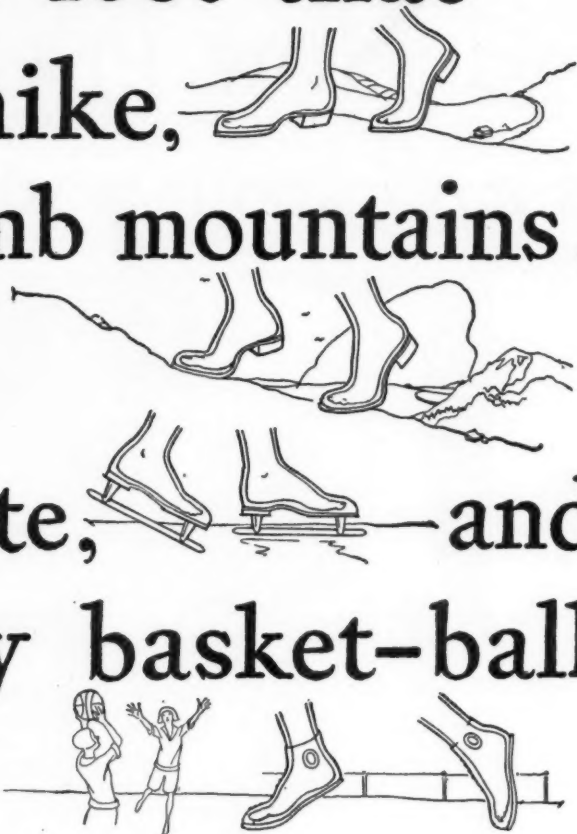
Please send me washing directions for stockings, dresses, sweaters, gloves, blankets, etc., and a sample box of FAB.

Name.....

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Send her a year's subscription for "The American Girl"

# For feet that hike, climb mountains, skate, and play basket-ball



**S**COUT work requires active feet. So Girl Scouts are interested in shoes that keep their feet fit. Many girls have found that they cannot keep their feet sound and healthy unless they let them exercise.

In the flexible Cantilever Shoe, your feet can exercise naturally and obtain the strength needed for athletics and Scout work.

The Cantilever Shoe is flexible from toe to heel just like the foot. The foot muscles keep their strength through exercise in this shoe because it does not restrict the action of the foot. The strength of your arches is dependent upon the strength of your foot muscles,

for these muscles hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in arched formation.

You will like Cantilever Shoes. They are good-looking, long wearing shoes that are made especially for active American school girls. These shoes fit nicely, because they are shaped like the natural foot. And they are wonderful for walking. Your feet feel free in them.

If you do not find the name of a Cantilever store in your phone book, write the Cantilever Corporation, 429 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and they will be glad to send you the address of a conveniently located store.



## Cantilever Shoe

Wonderful for Walking

### A Bookland Ball

(Continued from page 33)

of one of the papers, besides speaking at patrol leaders' rallies and leaders meetings and before the Court of Awards, the committee members had a right to look just that way.

Two weeks before the ball attractive posters, made by the girls, were put up in all the high schools and photographs of the chairmen of all the committees—taken free by a local photographer—appeared, with articles, in the newspapers. It wasn't going to be the Girl Scouts' fault if everybody in town didn't know what was going to happen!

The committees had a general idea of how many troops intended coming to the ball, since the captains telephoned headquarters as soon as a book had been decided upon by their troops. The troops which had made no choice by the final two weeks before the ball were called upon by First Class Girl Scouts and reminded of the great event. It was due to these calls that every troop in the city chose a book and came.

In telling the girls about the ball, we emphasized that the costumes were to be made by the girls themselves and were to be as inexpensive as possible. It was remarkable to see how effective some of them were and how little they cost. If there had been a prize for thrift, however, it would have gone to the troop which represented the story, *Robinson Crusoe*. With the exception of Mr. Crusoe himself and his man Friday, everyone appeared as natives wearing skirts of shredded newspaper over Girl Scout uniforms!

Although we knew beforehand that there would be quite a crowd, we never really realized until the day came how very well attended our Bookland Birthday Ball would be. When the treasury committee, dressed as pirates and standing beside a huge book, began to collect the fourteen or fifteen or sixteen or whatever-it-was cents which was charged as admission, they grinned greedily, as pirates will, at the unexpected number of shekels that came from the hands of the unexpected number of people. Besides seven hundred Girl Scouts, there were hosts of parents and friends. And they all brought birthday pennies, too!

As we came in, each troop was assigned a room in the school in which to dress. And it was no small job, either, for members of the committee on arrangements to get the right troops in the right rooms, and to map out the seating arrangements in the auditorium. You can see how much careful planning we did beforehand.

After the auditorium had been filled with colorful costumes the First Class Girl Scouts rushed onto the stage with a rousing "Hello!" and the Bookland Birthday Ball was begun with songs. Each troop in turn gave a one minute pantomime of an important scene in the book it represented. The music of the band helped to make these acts more realistic. The troops performed in rotation according to number. This made the program go off with great snap. It was fascinating to see the people from such

"What's a joop?" asks a friend of Jo Ann's in Ellis Parker Butler's new story—

stories as *The Sleeping Beauty*, *The Bird's Christmas Carol*, *Heidi*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *Daddy Long-Legs*, *Hans Brinker*, and *Huckleberry Finn* come to life. And these are only a few of the many old favorites chosen by the fifty different troops that attended.

One of the most interesting pantomimes was given by Troop Forty-five, which decided to act out *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Three covers, among them an international cover, were represented, besides the different departments of the magazine—the joke page, the cooking pages, craftsmanship pages, and even the editor herself. Of course there were characters from the stories, too, such as Roselle and her Indian friends, and Becky Landers of pioneer days—both of them now books themselves, by the way.

The program presentation of the books lasted for an hour and then the grand march was started, and the colorful characters from bookland went gaily to the gymnasium where ice cream, donated by one of the local council members, was served.

Thus ended the affair which had surprised even the most enthusiastic by its size. The one hundred and eighty dollars raised has started the fund for our hoped for recreation hall at camp, but we cannot count the success of the event merely in dollars and cents. The enthusiasm and willingness to cooperate of all the Girl Scouts in the city as well as the thrill of excitement had by all who attended the Bookland Birthday Ball meant more to us than the financial success attained.

### Along Comes Book Week

When Lillian's account of the Bookland Birthday Ball came to us, we im-

mediately thought of other events planned by and for Girl Scouts and having to do with books, celebrations of Book Week which is almost here. We will pass them along to you in case you wish to make your celebration like theirs.

In Rockland, Maine, for instance, Miss Kathleen M. Snow, librarian of the public library and also deputy commissioner of the Girl Scouts, was inspired to have a Girl and Boy Scouts' Own Book Contest during Children's Book Week. Prizes were offered to the Girl Scout troop and the Boy Scout troop submitting the best list of books illustrating their Scout laws.

A Girl Scout troop of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, decided to carry Book Week habits throughout the year, and formed a library of books worth reading. Each girl lends some of her favorite books for the rest of the troop to borrow and every once in a while the girls have a talk-fest about what they have been reading.

But whatever you do to celebrate Book Week, don't forget to write us all about it—whether it's a Bookland Ball or a party or a contest—and take some pictures for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, too, for our next Book Week issue.

*Editor's Note: Lillian Samuelsohn is a First Class Girl Scout in Rochester. She was chairman of the publicity committee of the ball. And Margaret Mochrie, her collaborator, is editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL Beholder page. Perhaps your troop will be in our next Book Week issue. And if you and your Captain want some lovely Book Week posters or some more suggestions for your celebration, be sure to write to Miss Marion Humble, National Association of Book Publishers, 25 West 33rd Street, N. Y. City, saying you are a Girl Scout and telling her what you want.*

## Fanny Hurst, Writer

(Continued from page 13)

heartbreak of a girl, sitting back and hearing someone for whom, by the way, she had secretly written the class prophecy, read the lines that should have been hers?

The next outstanding literary experience that I remember, was sitting in the college class in my sophomore year and hearing the professor say: "Now, here is a daily theme that I consider the best that has come to my notice since I have been teaching; in fact, it is so good that I might have written it myself." Mine! It was one of the most thrilling moments of my life. I took that daily theme and sent it to the editor of a local weekly paper. One day, one of my classmates rushed in breathlessly and thrust the printed sheet before my eyes. "You're in print," she cried. I cried, too, but it was a purely different emotion.

The next highlight was in New York, and a rather bewildered little middle-western girl is standing in the anteroom of a great editor, Robert H. Davis, who is saying to her: "Fannie Hurst, you can write!"

And after that the deluge . . . I wouldn't have you think that it has

always been easy sailing since. Far from it. The life of a writer constantly tests your courage and your purpose and your ideals, as well as your ability. But in a sense that day, ten years ago, standing in Robert H. Davis's office in the Flatiron Building, New York City, marked the beginning of the busy, crowded, work-a-day years that have followed. There hasn't been a let-down day among them. Naturally the star toward which I am trudging is still on the horizon, and because they have been trudging, work-a-day days, they have been days that are happy with the promise of ultimate achievement.

And if you are a girl who likes to write, if, perhaps, your parents like mine discourage you, to you I say—"Write!"

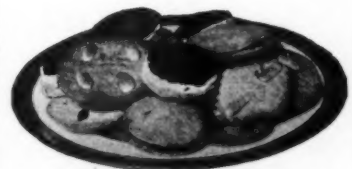
*Are you beginning to wonder what is going to happen to you in the years to come? Read Helen Ferris' book, "Girls Who Did," published by Dutton. She wrote it with Virginia Moore because so many AMERICAN GIRL readers wrote to her asking her to give them suggestions. "Girls Who Did" tells you about famous women and their careers.*



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If you want to know the answer, read "Jo Ann and the Joop" next month

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## Nancy Goes Girl Scouting

(Continued from page 31)

we sprang through. I thought I heard her scream as I began to fall."

We knew with a sickening knowledge that she had. Hadn't we all heard those two shrieks, almost in unison! And then utter silence from Amy Ruth.

"She's fallen to the bottom," cried Jessie, who longed for the relief of hysterics. The rest of us gave her such harsh looks she hushed up. She has not been a Girl Scout very long and does not always remember that our motto is, "Be prepared."

I just hated to look over that bank, but it was worse not to look over and to go on imagining all kinds of horrors for Amy Ruth. So I went around that bush and looked. It was a horrid place—a sheer fall of about ten feet, then a shaley slide at a steep angle for another twenty. This must have been a sort of overhanging bank, for you could not see the foot of the cliff. But what looked like the top of a scrub-oak brushed against the foot of the bank just below us. There was not a sign of Amy Ruth. But it did look as though something had rolled down that steep slope, and I even thought I could see a bit of cloth caught on the branch of the scrub-oak.

There was only one thing to be done—get down to that scrub-oak as quickly as possible. What luck that a toyon grew close to the top of the cliff.

"Here, quick," I exclaimed. "We'll tie this rope to the toyon, and I'll slide down to that oak and see what is to be done."

Some of the girls led by Jessie just threw a fit.

"Oh, you'll be killed, too," they shrieked.

I didn't know what I was going to do for they were grabbing hold of me. But Miss Blossom came up then. She had walked back to the car for some fieldglasses we had forgotten to bring with us, so she had missed all the excitement so far. She was some startled by the girls' antics, but she is a good sport and it only took her a moment to quiet the girls and find out what had happened.

"You are quite right, Nancy," she said quietly. "Amy Ruth may be stunned and caught in that tree. It will be quite safe for you to go down if you are careful. Don't go beyond the tree without letting us know."

So over the bank I went and down the rope to the tree. It really wasn't anything to do. The bit of cloth I had seen was a scrap from Amy Ruth's knickers. Seeing that bit from Amy Ruth's clothes made me feel sort of faint, but now was no time to faint—besides I had never fainted in my life. The rough edges of the scrub-oak came close to the bank. Holding tight to my rope, I pushed through the twigs. There were no large branches to get hold of.

It was a queer little oak growing out of the cliff. It had a good sized trunk jutting straight out from the wall and all the main limbs were far out from the cliff, just the tip ends of the branches brushing against the bank. They were strong enough to make it prickly for me to break through, and they had been tenacious enough to cling to Amy Ruth's clothes and to roll her toward the bank before dropping her down to the foot of their tree.

There she lay, held by the trunk of the little scrub-oak and the dirt that had been washed down beside it, and had been held in place by poison-oak roots. How I blessed that poison-oak.

I was simply terrified at the sight of Amy Ruth. She lay so quietly that it did not seem to me that she was even breathing. I was in such a hurry to get down to her, and yet I had to be so careful not to dislodge any of the dirt from that precarious resting place. Some way I did get through the little branches and out on the trunk beyond her. By the time I was safely perched beside her, she was beginning to show signs of life. She opened her eyes several times and sighed. Then stretched a bit and moaned.

"Amy Ruth," I babbled. "Do wake up and tell me you aren't hurt."

I snatched off my hat and began to fan her face.

"I think I fell," she murmured weakly. I nodded my head.

"And you are perched in a tree. Don't move whatever you do," I begged. She turned her head and looked about.

"What a funny place to land!"

"How did you get here?" she finally asked.

"Down a rope. But we can't possibly pull you up through the oak. I'll call to the girls to drop me the rope. We'll have to swing you down to the foot of the bank. It is only about thirty feet down."

"I think I'll be all right in a minute," said Amy Ruth as plucky as could be.

Then I called to Miss Blossom and the girls that Amy Ruth was roosting in the tree, and that it would be easier to get her from the tree to the foot of the cliff than up through the treetop. They were to drop the rope down to me and then run along the edge of the cliff until they came to a place where they could get down safely, then they could follow along the base of the cliff until they got beneath our tree.

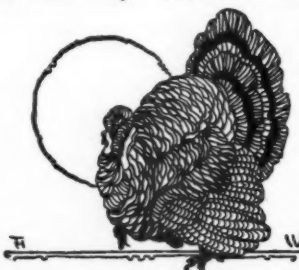
The girls dropped their end of the rope and I pulled it in through the branches and rolled it up. (I can tell you I'm all scratched from that oak.) Amy

Ruth was watching me all the while. She was beginning to look pretty good to me.

"I guess I'll sit up now," she finally said. "Do I dare move?"

"As long as you don't kick about it's all right," I assured her and reached over to help her up.

The color had been



If you're puzzled about what to give whom for Christmas, don't despair—

coming back into her face, but the minute she made a slight move, "Oh! My ankle!" she moaned and was chalk white again.

"Oh, Amy Ruth," I almost sobbed. "You haven't broken your ankle? Do say you haven't."

Amy Ruth lay quiet for a moment. "My! That ankle hurts to move it," she gasped. "It's probably only sprained. Do you suppose I could sit up with my back against the cliff and my leg held up by the tree trunk?"

Some way we managed to get her up that way. She was all right as long as she kept her foot out straight. We had just gotten her settled, when we heard the girls scrambling along at the foot of the cliff.

I hoo-hoed to them. They were so excited they were just sputtering. "Is Amy Ruth there? Is she all right? Where did you find her?"

They did not stop long enough to let any one answer their questions. Then Miss Blossom arrived and everything became sensible.

"It's probably only a sprain," she opined in a matter of fact tone. "Which one of you girls carries the emergency kit? Fasten one end of the rope to the tree, Nancy, and drop the other end down to me. You girls must certainly study the first aid course so that you can take care of each other in an emergency."

She kept talking in a quiet way until I had fastened the rope to the tree and dropped the other end to her. I guess she was just getting the girls over their excitement. Then she came up the bank, pulling herself up the rope with one hand and grasping bushes and jutting rocks with the other. It wasn't a bad climb.

Miss Blossom soon had Amy Ruth's foot bandaged. Then came a hot discussion as to how we were to get Amy Ruth out of the tree. Every one seemed to have a different plan to suggest. Amy Ruth was the only girl who did not enter into the argument. She'd gone white again while Miss Blossom was bandaging her foot. Apparently she was just waiting to get her strength back, for in a few minutes she took control of affairs, as she always does.

"I can manage quite easily," she said. "Put the rope over the trunk of the oak, with the loop end of the rope high enough up that I can put my foot in it. Miss Blossom and Nancy can help me slip over the trunk until I can slip my well foot into the loop and by you girls holding on to your end of the rope and letting me down easy, I can manage."

It worked out very well that way. I again held the wad of clothes so the rope would not be frayed by rubbing over the rough bark of the tree. There was only one hitch and that was when the girls were getting toward their end of the rope and Amy Ruth was still about five feet from the ground. Jessie, of course, broke news of the catastrophe by shrieking, "Oh, I've come to the end of the rope! Oh! Oh!"

But Amy Ruth was not even disturbed by the news. "Swing the rope over so

(Continued on page 47)

# Ship-shape Condition



THE last cable is off—the

whistle blows—and the great liner starts on another long voyage. As the shore line fades away, veteran and inexperienced travellers alike, can only guess what the future holds in store. But they know that before the ship sailed, every vital part was given painstaking inspection. Hour after hour throughout the voyage the same watchfulness will be continued. The captain is ready to meet heavy seas, for in fair weather he has prepared for storms. Each of us, during the autumn, bears a strange resemblance to a ship leaving port. Some, sturdy and sound and ready for what may come; others weak and unfit for a crisis; still others needing only a slight overhauling to qualify them to meet the added hazards which the winter months bring.

January claims more deaths than December, and February more than January. Year after year, the same thing occurs—because men and women and children have not fortified their bodies to meet the rigors of the winter.

Then follows March—March called the "danger month" because it is then that neglected colds suddenly change from seemingly unimportant discomforts to deadly menaces. Tired hearts and

racked lungs make only a feeble fight

for life. The plain truth is that all too many people live an abnormal life in the winter time. They eat too much. They do not get enough exercise. They do not get enough fresh air. Too heavy a diet and too little sleep make a bad foundation on which to build health and strength. So now, during the crisp, autumn weather, exercise in the open whenever it is possible. And during the winter, if you have no time or opportunity for out-door exercise, you will find that intelligent daily indoor exercise in a properly ventilated room is a fine substitute—a daily tonic.

But, first of all, have a thorough physical examination. If there are any defects which can be corrected, see that they are given immediate attention.

It is a real cause for thanksgiving that this is only November and there is still plenty of time to make preparations to sail safely through the "danger month". You who are wise will fit yourselves to meet the approaching winter months in ship-shape condition.

In March, the danger of death from all forms of Pneumonia is more than four times as great as in mid-summer.

Statistical records show that in November, 1926, 8,000 persons died of Pneumonia. In December 11,400 persons died from the same cause. In January, 1927, 16,200. In February 15,000. And in March 17,000.

March is also the peak month for colds and for deaths from heart disease and tuberculosis. More children die of mea-

sles in that month than in any other month of the year.

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DORAN BOOKS



## Books for Autumn Days

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

In all the time that I have been choosing books for you, I have never had so many thoroughly desirable books from which to choose as this month. So many, indeed, that I can only begin my report in this issue and continue it in the next, and waste no time in introductory remarks.

The most unusual and one of the most delightful is *Gay Neck* by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (Dutton), whose jungle stories you no doubt know and who, so Helen Ferris tells me, is soon to have a story in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. *Gay Neck* is English for the name in Hindustani of an iridescent-throated carrier pigeon, the pet of a boy in India. When the Great War begins the bird is trained to carry messages over the battlefields; if you have read Ernest Baynes's book, *Animal Heroes of the Great War* (Macmillan), you know the part these brave birds played in the conflict, and how much we owe to their devotion. But in Mukerji's story you see the battles through *Gay Neck's* own eyes and emerge from them to find healing of the spirit in peace. This is a good book for the restless teens, for it gently puts into your mind a means to untie those hard knots of fear and of hate that keep one from breathing deeply.

The same noble serenity underlies a quite different story, *Downright Dencey*, by Caroline Dale Snedeker (Doubleday). It takes place on Nantucket after the War of 1812, and the magic of the island holds from the moment you meet the little Quaker girls on the first page, stepping decorously to school in their stiff grey skirts but sniffing happily at the spring breeze, until on the last page the rescued waif Jetsam sails away to sea. It is the Quaker spirit that makes this book so beautiful, for not only are their customs described, but their indwelling faith shines through everything. *Dencey* is one heroine in a hundred, and I am glad that the last page sounds a little as if I might get another look at her sometime.

If girls like a heroine very much, she is never allowed to get away from them with one book. L. M. Montgomery gave us *Emily Climbs* (Stokes), and this charming young woman was so popular that now we have *Emily's Quest* (Stokes), a real love-story, happy and

with a happy ending. I found more old friends than this among the new books: last year I read a story called *A Year at Miss Austin's*—I have read hundreds of books since, but I recalled those girls because they were so amusing. Now I find them all again in *Soapsuds' Last Year*, by Ethel Comstock Bridgman (Century)—laughing, talking just as real girls do, getting into and out of trouble, and graduating with the lump in the throat that Commencement ought to give you if your school was the right one.

*Ship of Dreams*, by Edith Ballinger Price (Century) is as unusual an adventure story for girls as ever I read straight through at one clip. A boy whose health has rather kept him out of things has always longed to go to sea. Chance gives him what looks like an everyday sort of jaunt on a little steamer to Hampton Roads, but there he gets permission to go with the ship to Gomba, Africa, to pick up a cargo of ivory. Enemies on board blow up the ship—well, perhaps I had better go no further, lest I tell you too much. There is a girl in the story, just one, and they rescue her and her father from African perils. Girls who like boys' books will like this.

When I saw a girl in a bathing suit diving off the jacket of Earl Reed Silvers's latest book, I rubbed my eyes, for he is famous as a writer for boys. But the title, *Carol of Highland Camp* (Appleton), made it clear—he has begun to write books for girls, and is just as entertaining—he is an *AMERICAN GIRL* author, too, as you know. This book is about a camp on Lake Sebago, Maine, and is told by a girl whose parents have had to make many sacrifices to give her a single summer there. The others are all well-to-do, and one in particular has been nearly spoiled by this fact, but the camp life works through the varnish of snobbery to the real girl underneath, and as this is an uncommonly fine girl she becomes, before the book is over, the one you will like the best. Another writer for boys, William Heyliger, has a story this year that a girl who thinks she would like to go on a newspaper will enjoy as much as a boy will; this is *The Making of Peter Cray* (Appleton), and it shows a young man who might  
(Continued on page 49)

Curt Sloan wasn't eager to do his room-mate a favor, but—

## Nancy Goes Girl Scouting

(Continued from page 45)

that I can hold both parts," she instructed.

So the last lap, she let herself down. The girls gathered close around and, reaching up their arms, eased her to the ground.

We had no difficulty in getting back to the car, as the little valley the girls had tried to drop into, sloped down to the road where our cars were parked. The girls took turns, two at a time, crossing their hands and making a chair in which Amy Ruth rode in state. We really made rather a hilarious trip of it.

It was lunch time by now. Some of the girls ran up the hill and brought down the lunch and the wraps. We really enjoyed that lunch with all the exciting things we had to discuss!

I have to hand it to Amy Ruth that she is a perfect brick! She has as much grit as the next one! We've never liked each other, but at last I'll admit from now on that she has got more to her than I gave her credit for—I thought she was just a raised eyebrow.

As soon as we had finished our lunch we came home. Amy Ruth had to have her ankle examined for a possible fracture. I think Mary Brown needed a rest up, too.

The ex-ray showed all of Amy Ruth's bones whole, so that was quite a relief.

And do you know Amy Ruth's father and mother came to Aunt Ann's this evening to thank me for rescuing Amy Ruth? Of course I explained that all the girls had helped in unroosting Amy Ruth, but they simply would not see but that I was the star, with the others the chorus. Of course they were grateful to Miss Blossom for bandaging the foot.

Mary Brown's mother came over to Aunt Ann's in the afternoon, and she seemed to think I had done the rescue act, too.

Well, it was lucky that everything turned out O. K. and it sure was lucky that I had the rope with me. If we hadn't had the rope I don't know what we should have done, and if I hadn't disgraced myself in the beginning by going dippy over the sight of a rope, and then the girls got the rope craze, too, we never would have had the rope with us. So in a way I am responsible for the rescue in being responsible for the rope!

Do you get my logic?

I only half do!

Looking forward to a real round-up this spring,

Lovingly,  
Nancy.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Wouldn't you love to know more about Nancy? She's a most adorable Girl Scout from a ranch, who went to stay with her aunt in the city. This letter is one of a number that she wrote about her adventures in her new home with her new Girl Scout friends. The letters are published in a fascinating book called, *Nancy goes Girl Scouting*, which you may buy from our National Equipment Department, and the author is Jean Henry Large, sister of our own Vice-President, Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

## Books for Girls



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Dutton New York

## Midge, Champion of the Oppressed

(Continued from page 28)

do something that casts a reflection on the whole school. I'm for sending them home tomorrow."

"But, Midge," says Granny, "it is not fair to be hasty in your judgment. You don't know all the facts in the case."

"I know all the plain facts," said Midge. "Those girls signed up at the office saying they were going to the picture show and instead of going to the show they went to Atlanta on a freight train. They were gone all night, too and got arrested in Atlanta for vagrancy. Just see what's already in the Atlanta paper." Midge had an Atlanta newspaper spread out.

"Oakdale Seminary girls arrested for vagrancy," it said. "Girls run wild following establishment of student government. 'Lid is off. We can do as we please,' say girls. Too much freedom causes Atlanta police to intervene."

That did sound disgraceful and shocking. I couldn't understand why Granny should stand up for those freshies, but apparently she was on their side.

"Marjorie," she said, "don't forget that last year some girls I know went off without permission. That wouldn't have looked well in the paper either."

Then Midge and Glo and I turned as red as red. Granny is a sly old duck. She was holding up our past before us.

"But, Granny, that was different. You are not telling it right," said Midge. "We went to our soph feast."

"I'm stating plain facts," said Granny. "Who told you about these freshies?"

"Lidia," said Midge.

"Maybe Lidia didn't tell their story right, either," said Granny.

The bell rang and Midge had to go to the committee meeting that was to consider the case against the freshies. I felt sickish when I learned that it was Janet Duffy and Big Mary and Millie Kincaid and Laura Evans whose fate was in the balance. I liked those girls even if they did make a big noise like a nuisance when I wanted to study. As Midge left the room Granny called after her, "Marjorie, don't forget that last year you were not expelled. Justice and mercy and wisdom went hand in hand when you were being judged."

After Midge had gone I kept thinking about what Granny said. I thought about it so much that finally Glo and I went down to talk to those freshies and see how the facts sounded when they told them. We were surprised at the difference. We were so surprised that we went right back to Granny to talk it over with her. Midge was there, back from the committee meeting.

"Everybody voted to send them home except me," said Midge. "It takes a unanimous vote to send a girl home. I saved them by voting to wait until we had time to see all sides of the case. Of course that merely put off the day of reckoning because I really believe they ought to be shipped."

"But, Midge," I said, "they didn't mean any harm. They told us all about it and they were just having fun. I felt

sorry that I wasn't with them. They started to the picture show and on the way down town they saw those empty freight cars near the station and the cars looked very inviting and attractive."

"Why?" says Midge.

"I don't know why," I said, "but there is a strange fascination about an empty freight car that freshmen can't resist. It was lots of fun hopping on and off those cars. They all got on the cars just to look around and the first thing they knew the train was moving and it didn't stop moving until it reached Atlanta."

"But when they got to Atlanta," said Midge, "they behaved so badly that they were arrested."

"No," I said, "they didn't misbehave much. They didn't have any money except enough for the picture show. So Duffy and Big Mary bought a tin cup and some dark glasses and a few pencils and they fixed up a sign saying *Help the Blind*, and the four took turns collecting railroad fare home. They looked like real beggars after riding the freight cars. They were just about to make some money when a policeman came along and discovered that they could see. So he gave 'em a little ride in the patrol wagon."

"Oakdale girls in a patrol wagon," groaned Midge. "It's a disgrace!"

"Well, they didn't mean to ride in a patrol wagon," I said. "That was an unexpected accident. But that policeman at the station in Atlanta has been helping Oakdale students come and go for years and years. Dr. Adair has asked him to look out for the girls time and again when they change cars in the station. He recognized Duffy and the others as Seminary girls. I reckon he thought he would scare them a little and maybe teach them a lesson. Anyway he kept them arrested until train time and then he put them on the train in care of the conductor and sent 'em back to school."

"They reached Oakdale next morning in time to come in with the milk. They rode up on the milk wagon and slipped into the pantry with the breakfast cream and finally got into the dining room without anybody knowing the difference."

"You see," said Granny, "most of what they did was unintentional."

"Going to the freight cars in the first place wasn't unintentional," said Midge. "They had no business there. It was against the rules."

"I talked to them myself," said Granny. "I know why they went. When you girls were sophs you had your feast in a vacant house off the campus. And these freshmen thought they would have their feast in the empty freight cars. That was all they could think of that in any way compared with what you did."

"But, Granny, it's dangerous to be around the trains. They might have been killed," said Midge. "They must learn they can't do dangerous things. The student government is responsible for them."

"Going down that rope to the basement was dangerous," said Granny, "and Dr. Adair was responsible for you."

(Continued on page 51)

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## Books for Autumn Days

(Continued from page 46)

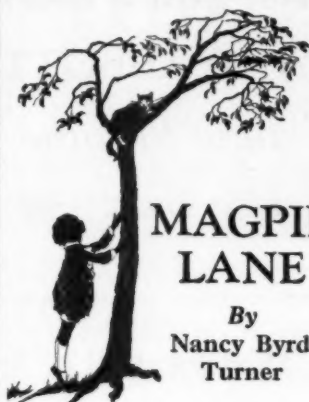
have been a pigheaded pest, losing his money after his father's death, getting a job as a reporter on a small-town paper, and managing to hold it through the genuine tests of a young reporter's first year. He does not do anything spectacular, just the regular run of duties—and these are interesting enough to anyone who looks at newspaper work with longing eyes.

One day this summer Constance Lindsay Skinner, author of your favorite books about Becky Landers, wrote to me to be sure to read *After School*, by Laurie York Erskine (Appleton). So I sent for a copy and read it with my heart in my throat and tears in my eyes. An athletic instructor in a boys' school is waiting for a train with one of his pupils. Before it comes he tells him this brief but thrilling tale of the outbreak of the American Revolution and a young schoolmaster who goes to war, keeps the raw troops from deserting to their unharvested crops, puts new life into the resistance of the colonists, and at last disappears on a mysterious mission from which he never returns. The name of the schoolmaster is not spoken until the last page, on which General Washington says, with deep emotion, "Captain Hale was hung this morning." It is the story of the young patriot, Nathan Hale, told so simply and truthfully that it throws new light on our national beginnings and is linked too, with our present, for the train for which this teacher is waiting carries him to a training camp from which he, too, never returns.

The American Revolution forms the background of a novel for girls, *Milady in Arms* (Doubleday), by Edith Bishop Sherman who is the author of your next AMERICAN GIRL serial. *Milady in Arms* is the story of a red-haired beauty who goes through many adventures involving red-coats, Tories, and such historic characters as Gage, Green and even Washington. It begins in Newark and keeps near to New York. We are rich in historical novels this year, and one of the best—it won the prize offered in memory of Charles Boardman Hawes—is *The Trade Wind*, by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown.) No one knows the Colonial period better than she, nor has better reason to write successfully about the seamen of the time and their adventures. This book is the result of this interest and training—an exciting, but authentic story of daring and dangers upon the sea such as accompanied the building up of our maritime trade. It might be a girls' book as well as a boys', for there is an admirable girl in it, but the action centers on David Dennison, shipped as supercargo on the *Santa Maria* and encountering pirates, sorcerers and many another colorful experience. This is history made exciting and interesting.

As for the history of other lands, we have a new story from the country of *Pinocchio* and *Cuore*; this is called

(Continued on page 50)



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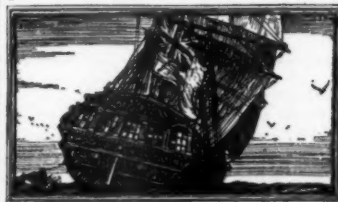
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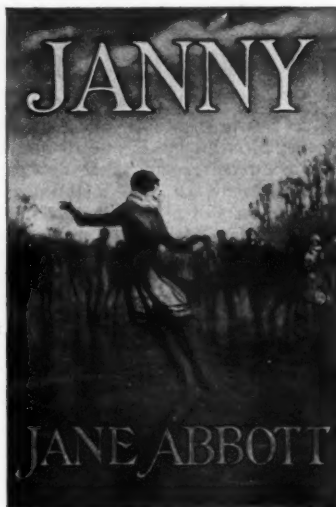


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## Books for Autumn Days

(Continued from page 49)

*Nimble Legs*, and is from the Italian of Luigi Capuana (Longmans). Little Domenico or "Cuddu" ran so fast that he was forever running away from school and work into trouble. But a swift scout was needed for Garibaldi's army in the Italian Revolution, and the boy, beginning with errands, was at length trusted with important secret missions and nearly killed in their successful execution. But he managed to pull through, and—for this is a true story—settled down in middle life to the sedentary trade of mason's helper. Oh yes, there is another good story from American history: *Sewing Susie*, by Elsie Singmaster (Houghton) whose Gettysburg stories you must know. This is about a boy who lived in Gettysburg and learned how to sew shirts for the Union men on an old sewing machine in his attic. His friend Ann and he are real young folks, and between them they help the cause.

How can I choose from the long line still waiting? I cannot leave out *The Little Long Ago*, by Laura Spencer Porter (Dutton) for there is an indescribable charm about this story of a happy childhood remembered and set down with tenderness and humor. Nor can I leave out *Meredith's Ann*, by Elizabeth Janet Gray (Doubleday)—another forthcoming AMERICAN GIRL author, by the way—for I read this story, which takes place in the neighborhood of Mt. Chocorua, on the top of a hill within sight of the White Mountains, and the book stood the test of the scenery. It is a breezy tale of three girls and a boy who keep house in a summer cottage near a forest tract; illegal logging helps to keep the plot moving, and there is a Mystery Man, but the charm is in the outdoor life.

Do you recall a story called *Little Princess Nina*, by a Russian woman-writer named Charskaya—she is to Russia something as Louise Alcott is to us? This has been followed by *The Tartar Princess* (Holt), and is just as bright-colored as its predecessor. I have been forced to keep to the books for older girls today, but I must squeeze in a word for the annual, *The Children's Playhour* (Longmans), edited by Stephen Southwold, for it is so much like my old *Chatterbox* that I know children will love it. A blend of old and new, of bits of information, history, poems, delightful new stories, puzzles—plenty of pictures in color and to color—it's a family friend. And I must tell anyone with a little brother or sister about the prettiest books for youngest readers that I have seen in a long time, *The Happy Hour Books*, published by Macmillan. These are twelve little volumes, each of a size convenient for small hands but not too tiny for good clear type, priced so that big sisters can afford to buy them, and containing each a story or poem capable of being illustrated by a gifted and original-minded artist in brilliant colors and often in a manner ir-

(Continued on page 52)

"What Is the Matter With Mary Jane?" No, it isn't a Milne poem—

# Midge, Champion of the Oppressed

(Continued from page 48)

"But why did they sneak in with the milk like criminals? Why couldn't they come in the front door and then come and explain what had happened?"

"Why did you ride in the clothes baskets and sneak in with the laundry?" said Granny. "Do you remember that night some time ago when you and Gloria and Sarah told of all your freshman and sophomore escapades? You made law-breaking very attractive and those girls listened with all ears."

Our sins were coming home to roost. We tried to shoo them away, but Granny kept on making us look at them. Before she got through talking Midge and Glo and I realized that it is impossible for one to get up and walk off and leave one's past.

"But why couldn't they follow me into the Minnie Club?" said Midge. "Why don't they study like I do instead of breaking the rules like I did?"

"They are young, Midge," said Granny. "They are as young as you were last year before you got into the Minnie Club. Duffy is a follow-the-leader kind of a girl. She will copy you in everything without sorting your sins from your virtues. And the freshmen to come will copy Duffy and on and on."

I grew right dizzy thinking of all the freshmen down the ages being led astray by following Midge and Glo and me. I felt terrible when I thought those girls might be expelled just because I had made sin look attractive. Midge sat and thought a long time, too.

"What shall we do, Granny?" she said at last. "We can't have such conduct. It gives the school a black eye and Dr. Adair is trusting the student government to uphold the reputation of Oakdale."

"What did Dr. Adair do in your case?" said Granny. "Be tolerant with them as he was with you."

"Already the freshies are just dying to reform," said Glo. "Give 'em a chance."

Midge was thoughtful for a long time. "I'll see that they get a chance," she said at last and by the tone of her voice I knew she was ready to fight for toleration.

At the next committee meeting Midge advised that the freshies be allowed to stay at school and be trained in the ways of self-government rather than sent home to live down a disgrace.

Then Lidia got up and made a long speech. She said that if they let the girls stay it looked as if the Sem and the student government sanctioned their misdemeanors.

When the vote was cast Flo and Willy voted with Midge and the rest voted to send the girls home. That brought the matter to a standstill. The next move was to elect the new student council and turn the case over to the permanent court of justice.

I met the committee members coming out of the committee room. Lidia walked down the hall with us.

"I can't see that keeping the girls here sanctions what they did," said Midge.

"Granny says the student government must help girls form character as well as uphold the reputation of the school. We can't help them if they are expelled."

"Well, at first you wanted to expel them," retorted Lidia.

"I know I did," said Midge, "but I talked to Granny and I've changed my mind."

"You are just trying to keep them here," said Lidia, "because they are on the freshman basketball team."

Midge reared back behind her glasses. She was as mad as anything.

"Lidia, you know that isn't so. I haven't even thought of basketball. I'm only trying to do what's right!"

"Bah!" said Lidia. "Of course you are thinking of basketball."

I wanted to slap her face. Honest-to-goodness I'm sorry I didn't! Midge bit her lip a minute and then spoke cool as ice.

"Lidia," she said, "you are the one who is thinking of basketball. You seniors are afraid of that freshman team."

"Oh! no, I'm not thinking of the team," said Lidia, but her face got as red as red!

"Well, if you are not," said Midge, "we'll put the whole case before Dr. Adair and abide by what he says."

"No, we won't either," said Lidia quickly. "We students have the government in our hands and we are going to keep it."

"If you think you are going to ship these girls you've got another think coming!" said Midge.

"Well, you'll see," said Lidia with a toss of her head. I didn't like the way she said it.

That very night a bunch of seniors organized a political party. The party nominated Lidia for student government president and a whole bunch of her followers for council members.

Midge came home and paced the floor like Napoleon.

"I know Lidia's game," she said. "She thinks she will control the new student council and then she'll have the chance to send those freshies home, and save the basketball pennant for the seniors."

The old Ship of State certainly was rocking. We knew if Lidia was in power she would never be fair. Her justice would always be twisted by her own desires.

"We have to do something to stop her," wailed Glo.

All of a sudden Midge stopped pacing the floor.

"My hat's in the ring," she said. "I'm going to be president. I'm going to back Lidia Dalrimple clean off the map. It's up to us to keep the student government from becoming corrupt." And she looked just like Joan of Arc when Joan decided to save France.

We sat right down that minute and planned our campaign. We got together enough juniors to organize a political party. We nominated Midge for president, and for council members we nominated Glo and me and six others of sound integrity.

(Continued on page 53)



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## DORAN BOOKS

## Books for Autumn Days

(Continued from page 50)

resistibly funny. You should see the pictures from *The Bremen Band*, *Three Billy Goats*, or *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*. You can help form your little sister's taste for good pictures by means like this.

Jane Abbott's new story, *Janny* (Lippincott), is about a fifteen-year-old girl who comes from Painted Post to live with her rich uncle's family in a New York town. If you liked *Old-Fashioned Girl*—and who does not?—you will like this, for without copying it, this story has something of the same situations, as they would be at this time—even to the rich family's losing its money and being all the better for it.

*The Winged Horse*, by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill (Doubleday), is in a class with Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind*—just as important, just as fascinating, and even more beautifully written. It is the story of how poetry came to be made and what it has meant in the life of man from the time of the Greeks to the rushing days of Broadway. It tells this by linking the lives of the poets, told dramatically or quietly according as their lives ran, into a continuous story that includes the stories of the great poems, such as the *Divine Comedy*, *Beowulf*, or *Paradise Lost*. You will get from it a true idea of poetry not as frills added to life, but as bread upon which life has been sustained; you will see it as part of civilization, and the men who have made it as living, whenever they lived. There are quotations so lovely that you determine to read every word of the poems from which they are taken and, above all, there is a charm about the book itself that keeps you going on from page to page to get it all together. I hope it is on your own book-shelf and in your school and camp libraries.

Three other books are to help you enjoy to the utmost painting and sculpture, and to show you, as *The Winged Horse* does for poetry, that these too are part of civilization and not mere gew-gaws tacked on to it. *How to Enjoy Pictures*, by J. Littlejohns (Macmillan), takes eight of the most famous pictures in the National Gallery, the Louvre and the Prado, reproduces them exactly in colors and large enough to get the important details, and then talks about them as if an artist were standing with you in front of them, making sketches now and then to show you just what he means. It really does take you behind the scenes as a painter might. *The Approach to Painting*, by Thomas Bodkin (Harcourt), shows you several ways in which this approach may be made according to your temperament and training, and then opens your eyes to the special beauties of some twenty famous pictures, reproduced in photographs. It is for older readers, but not too old for girls. And in conclusion, there is Helen Gardner's *Art Through the Ages* (Harcourt), the best one-volume history of art that I have seen.

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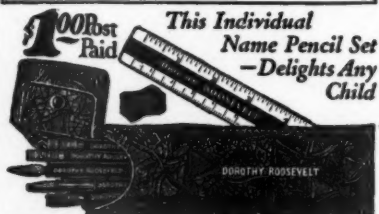
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## Midge, Champion of the Oppressed

(Continued from page 51)

The next morning Midge wrote an article for *The Acorn* and stated her platform. In the same paper appeared an article by Lidia stating hers. Before the ink was dry the whole school took sides—one faction following Midge and one following Lidia. Of course we couldn't mention the freshies. All discipline measures are strictly confidential. We had to make the issue one of principles. Midge had talked to Granny a long time before she wrote her article. It sounded fine.

"The object of our student court," she wrote, "should not be to condemn and punish, but the court should try to show the girls who break the law wherein they have made a mistake and help them correct such mistakes. The school laws are made for the good of everybody and if girls break such laws and do things that look unladylike and 'wild' it gives our school a black eye."

Duffy and Big Mary and Laura and Millie read and came to Midge with tears in their eyes.

"Honest-to-Goodness, Midge," they said, "we didn't realize that what we did would cast a reflection on the whole school."

They were so miserable about it and begged so hard for another chance that Midge was more than ever determined to be president so as to let them stay at the Sem, especially as it was partly our fault that they did wrong.

But Lidia was also determined to be elected. The basketball games were coming closer and closer and she was scared of the freshie team.

"Oakdale's reputation has suffered enough at the hands of outlaws," she wrote. "We want the people of Georgia to realize that the 'lid is not off', and wild conduct will not be tolerated by the student government. Students who cannot behave like ladies have no place here. Oakdale is not a reformatory and everybody should not be made to suffer for the sins of the few law-breakers."

Midge answered by saying: "We have all been sinners at one time or another. If the student court is going to get rid of all the sinners it will clean out the school. Don't judge a person harshly. You may have been guilty of the same thing."

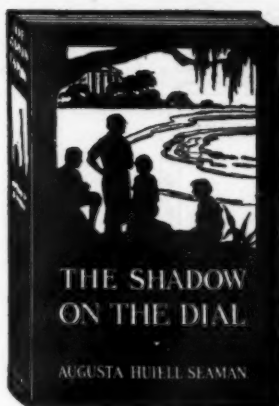
Then Lidia made an attack on Midge and Glo and me.

"Should law-breakers be elected law-makers?" she asked. "Is it safe to put the student government into the hands of girls whose record is as black as ink? Girls who have broken every law of the Sem are running for council members. Is it wise to elect them?"

Here was our past still tagging along to give trouble. Of course we knew of a lot of rules Lidia had broken too, but she had never been caught and so she had no black record. Anyway we hated to stoop to mud slinging. All we could do was to hammer on the idea of toleration. We even called our political party the *Tolerantists*. We called Lidia's the *Goodies*.

"If a girl has made a mistake in her

(Continued on page 56)



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## You Can Draw Too—

(Continued from page 25)

show all the readers of our magazine what you are doing. The contest is open to every reader of *The American Girl*. Ilonka Karasz herself will be the judge, and if your block print is one of the three best, she will tell you—and all our readers—just why she selected it. To the girl making the most lovely block print, we shall award a set of wood-carving tools; to the girls making the next two best, beautiful wood block prints for framing.

Here are the conditions of the contest. Read them carefully as they are important.

1. You may choose any subject.

2. Your print may be for a Christmas or greeting card; book plate for yourself or someone else or for your troop or school; for a picture to hang on a wall, or for an illustration for a story or poem or for the Beholder page.

3. It should be printed in black ink, so that we can reproduce it.

4. The print must be designed and cut by the girl submitting it, but it may be printed by someone else.

5. Put your name, age, troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) and address on the back of the print.

6. You may send in as many prints as you wish.

7. All prints must be in by midnight December 30, 1927.

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## Ag'in Pop

(Continued from page 11)

She was very quiet during the next few days. Kindly Mrs. Bechtel was all sympathy but she looked worried and frequently admonished.

"Be smart now, Sallie. Your Pop won't like it if you look so pensic. No matter how much I felt to I ain't never gone ag'in him and you mustn't either. It wouldn't be right."

But a terrible struggle was going on within Sallie. She had never before questioned her father's word in matters of right and wrong nor had she dreamed of disobeying him. She was accustomed to being denied things, to being forbidden the pleasures which the other girls enjoyed. But Millie Zell's whispers had sunk deep into her soul. Was her father the only good man in town? Was she being raised right simply because she was never allowed to spend any money or do the things the other girls did? Was she really a dumbie never to have any pleasure, never to do as she wanted? Life was very hard when only the unpleasant things were good.

The night of the cantata was hot and sultry. Joel Bechtel gulped his supper in his usual surly silence. When he had finished he turned to Sallie.

"Run up stairs and fetch my hat. I'm going to the store."

"I should think you wouldn't go out, bein's it looks so for rain," Mrs. Bechtel said.

He did not deign to answer, but grabbed the hat from Sallie and banged the door after him.

Mrs. Bechtel shook her head sadly. "Mebbe it would be nice to go too, oncet," she said, as she turned with a sigh to the dishes.

Sallie went out on the front step to watch the people go to the Hall. Those who were to take part came hurrying along first, among them Millie Zell. She left the group and dashed up to Sallie.

"Och, come on now. Come unbeknownst. I've fixed it. You come right up them little side steps at the Hall and I'll get you back behind the stage. It'll be good for seeing there, and your Pop'll never know. Come along. You won't need no fifty cents."

Sallie hesitated. To be on the stage was better than her fondest dreams. There she could see and not be seen. Besides, if her father should find it out, the fact that she had not spent fifty cents might lessen his anger.

Millie shook her sleeve excitedly. "Come on now, Sallie. Come on. Don't be a dumbie."

At Millie's last words Sallie sat up. Her hands trembled but her voice was firm.

"I'm a comin', Millie. You look out for me," she whispered.

She sat on the step until the last straggler had gone and then went into the kitchen.

"You been settin' out long a'ready. Ain't you feelin' so good?" her mother asked. "It's mebbe that you have some fever."

"Och, no, Mom. I'm feelin' good. Won't you give me the dare to go over

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to Lillie Schwab's? She's home and she said she'd give me the lend of her song-book."

"Well, go along. Mebbe your Pop won't be mad. He stays late at the store."

Sallie took her shawl from the peg and hurried out into the hot summer night. A low rumble of thunder presaged a storm. She got the song-book and then turned toward the hall. The street was deserted and dark except for the few rays of light which flickered into the side yards from the kitchen windows of the red brick houses. Now and then a burst of singing came from the Hall which was a room over a hardware store in a big building next to the church. Sallie shivered as she passed the graveyard and crept up the back steps which led to the stage. The door was open and when she reached the top she could see straight between the wings.

She gasped at what she saw. It was all she had imagined it, the bright lights, the lovely dresses, and the Queen with a long shining train and with a crown upon her head. Sallie watched breathlessly. But with the first crash of the band and the appearance of the dancers on the stage a shiver of fear went over her. This was the wicked play-acting that her father condemned. He had warned her against it. She looked for the roof to fall. Something terrible would happen.

When Millie touched her she jumped and put up her arm as if to ward off a blow.

"Och, Sallie, what ails you? You're all white."

"Oh, I'm afraid. I want to go home."

"Well, go then, but I want to tell you somepin hurry."

"Oh, hurry, Millie. I want to go home."

"Your Pop's here. I seen him."

"Oh, no, Millie. It can't be so."

"But, yes. He sneaked up the fire escape at that side window where he's hid back behind the vines. Nobody can see him from the front. I looked from that room where we dressed. He just stuck his head out. He's saving his fifty cents."

"It can't be. My Pop thinks it's wicked. He don't believe in these goings-on. Think now what you're saying, Millie."

"It looked like him, anyway, only this man was 'laffin' but I ain't ever seen your Pop laff," she added doubtfully.

For a few seconds Sallie stood motionless. Then she went to the little dressing-room from which the fire escape was visible. She raised her eyes. It was true. There was her father. His gaze was fastened on the two dancing figures on the stage. For the first time in her life Sallie saw his hard thin lips drawn back from his teeth in a smile. He seemed to have no fear of anything terrible. He was enjoying to the full that wonderful acting which he had condemned and forbidden to her.

When she reached home Mrs. Bechtel was standing at the kitchen door.

"Och, Sallie, I was afraid somepin had come by you. Your Pop ain't home yet, neither. Quick take off your things

and I'll get you some sage tea to drink and some salt water to rench your throat so you don't get cold. Then you must hurry to bed before your Pop gets in."

Sallie drank the tea but she did not hurry. She watched her mother's patient figure with curious speculating eyes. Soon they heard her father's step.

"Hurry, run up stairs, Sallie," Mrs. Bechtel whispered. "What ails you? Hurry, he's coming."

Sallie did not move and her father entered the room. Mrs. Bechtel hastened toward him.

"Och, now, Pop, I was worried. Your hat's all wet."

"No, it ain't." To Sallie's attentive ear his tone was uglier than usual. "I was kept at the store."

Sallie jumped up and then sat down again. Her mother hurried on. "And, Pop, don't you scold Sallie, bein's she's up so late. She went over to Lillie Schwab's for the lend of her song-book and got caught in the storm. Here, let me pull off your boots."

Joel Bechtel glared at Sallie and then sat down heavily in the rocking chair. Mrs. Bechtel kneeled and began to unlace his great heavy shoes. Sallie leaned forward and watched her mother in silence. Something about that patient figure serving so willingly caused a lump to come into her throat.

Sallie felt suddenly grown-up and old. She must struggle to save them both and she must begin now.

She swallowed hard. At last she spoke.

"Say, Pop."

"What d' you want?"

She went on clearly. Her voice did not seem to be her own.

"Mom and I are going to the cantata tomorrow night. Mebbe you'll feel for giving us the money."

"What'd you say?"

Sallie did not move. Each word was distinct. "I said I wanted the money for Mom and me to go to the cantata tomorrow night. Of course I might climb up that fire escape back behind the vines but it ain't so good for seeing there as a front seat. Besides, the minister might find it out and think it was cheating the church."

"Mom might think it was wicked, too, bein's she don't believe in telling lies. It's somepin wonderful how good Mom thinks you are."

Joel Bechtel looked from his wife to Sallie. His lips moved but no words came.

Sallie walked toward her father. She held out her hand. "Nobody knows about that place but Millie Zell and me and she isn't sure who was there to-night. So it's better for Mom and me to have the money, ain't?"

Joel Bechtel sat very still. He looked about the room and then helplessly back at Sallie. Finally he put his hand in his pocket and handed her the money.

"Och, Sallie!" There were tears in Mrs. Bechtel's eyes. "I'm so glad. I always told you what a good man your Pop is."

"Yes, Mom, yes. But mebbe it'll be better for us not always to mind what he says."

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## Midge, Champion of the Oppressed

(Continued from page 53)

youth," said the Tolies, "she understands how easy it is to make a mistake and can help others not to make such mistakes. We believe that if everybody in school will look behind she will see mistakes of her own. This should make everybody tolerant. Our slogan is 'Before you judge harshly look behind!'"

Finally we got our war cry down to, "Vote for the nine who have looked behind!"

"Those who have withstood temptation are the ones who are capable of helping others withstand temptation," replied the Goodies.

"Vote for those who have been good from birth," they cried.

They tagged their candidates with little ribbons that said, *Good from Birth*.

The Tolies tagged their candidates with long ribbons that said *Our Past Makes Us Tolerant. We Wish to Help Others Avoid our Mistakes*.

The battle raged nip and tuck! *The Acorn* put out a paper every day for a week before election so that both sides could get in all their arguments.

The election and the basketball games advanced together. If Duffy and Big Mary stayed at school the senior team was as good as licked. Excitement ran high.

Everybody at the Sem, including the faculty members had one vote each. We made a last effort to get every vote.

The Tolies had a big parade with their banners waving. "The old sinners had a chance to reform," we sang. "Give the new sinners the same chance."

The Goodies built a bonfire and had a mass meeting around it. "Send the sinners to a reformatory," they said.

Then everybody voted and held their breath to see who was elected.

Granny and Old Ajax counted the votes. They put up the returns.

Midge and Lidia were neck and neck. Then Midge ahead—then Lidia—I was so excited I was simply standing on my ear.

Then the faculty vote came in.

The Tolies had won!  
(Now who in thunder could have guessed that those old Bunnies on the faculty stood for Toleration? And yet it was their vote that helped Midge back old Lidia off the map.)

At the first council meeting the case of the four freshies was the first thing up. We voted to let them do all they could to right the wrong they had done. Midge showed them some letters that had come to Dr. Adair in answer to the piece in the paper. Dr. Adair had given them to the student council to answer. The letters were from outraged parents who wished to have their daughters leave a school that permitted its students to hobo on freight cars and get arrested in Atlanta. The freshies wept gallons and swore eternal goodness.

"We are the ones who did it," said Big Mary, "let us answer the letters telling them just what happened and that Oakdale Sem and the student government weren't responsible."

The basketball games crowded close on election. Of course the real match was between the seniors and freshies.

I'll never forget that last game for the pennant. Every minute was a thrill.

Big Mary and Willy handed Duffy the ball as usual and Duffy just rolled up the score. The ball went dub-blub-dub around the rim and dropped through the cord netting until the score was 8 to 2 in favor of the freshmen and there it stayed until the whistle blew. Golly it was grand!

After the games and the election the school settled down to peace and quiet. The second thing our student council did was to vote that no ruling of the student government should go into effect until Dr. Adair and a committee from the faculty had approved of it. We asked Old Ajax to please put his hand on the wheel again so as to hold the Old Ship of State steady in time of storm. Dr. Adair is always fair and unprejudiced and he would never expel a sinner just because she was the best forward on a rival basketball team.

I breathed a big sigh of relief when I knew that Dr. Adair was going to be standing close by helping us run the school. Midge did, too.

"At last," she said, "I can think of something else besides student government."

"What are you going to think of?" asked Glo.

"My future," says Midge. "I have decided to have a career. I told Leonard so just last night. I am going to be president of the United States on the Tolerationist ticket. I am going to keep our national government from being corrupt." And again Midge looked like Joan of Arc when Joan decided to save France.

Just about then the maid brought Midge a box of roses from Leonard Hampden. Midge read us the note he sent with them. He denounced the woman in politics. He said her place was in the home and personally he would never vote for any lady president. He said he would rather marry her than see her president.

"But I don't care what Leonard had rather do," said Midge. "I am going to run for president and I don't think the president of the United States of America can be bothered with a husband."

She must have written Leonard to that effect because the next day he went to Europe never to come back. At least he said he wasn't coming back until Midge changed her mind about being president.

"He's in Europe for life then," declared Midge.

Nevertheless she kept the roses. She put them in a vase and did her best to make them last and last. And when they faded she gathered the petals and put them in her rose jar to keep forever.

"Why," said Glo, "do you want to keep Cousin Leonard's roses if you have renounced all so as to run for president of the United States?"

Midge grinned and turned as red as red.

"I'm keeping them," she said, "to have in case I don't get elected."

Midge is always full of forethought!

"The American Girl" is giving you some good stories for Christmas—

# The Girl Scout Way at Convention

(Continued from page 37)

World Camp at Camp Edith Macy when Girl Guide and Girl Scout leaders from all parts of the world came to us as our guests. And then we heard the story of our own Girl Scouts who went across the ocean last summer to camp near Geneva, Switzerland, with over four hundred other Girl Guides and Girl Scouts from twenty-eight different countries. Mrs. E. Lawrence Shaw, the girls' captain who went with them, told us the story of it—and we are happy to tell you that in our next International issue we are going to publish the log which these girls kept on their trip. And in another issue, coming very soon now, we are going to give you pictures of the camp and the many girls there. To Mrs. Delano for having planned the trip, to Mrs. Shaw, Miss Helen Potter and Miss Ruth Baylies, the three leaders, and to the girls' councils went the convention's heartfelt thanks for having made possible this wonderful trip. Friends around the world—that is what Girl Scouting means.

## Hail to the Lone Girl Scouts!

Have you heard that we now have 9,291 Lone Girl Scouts in all parts of the country? You would have enjoyed stopping by their convention exhibit and having Miss Cora Nelson, their national Captain, tell you about the many interesting things they are doing. Here was a book of bird pictures—every one a bird which this Lone Girl Scout had seen on her farm. Here was a book of recipes—for everything you could imagine, all neatly classified and ready to use. It made you want to go straight home and try some of them—they looked so delicious. Here was a poetry scrap book, made by a Lone Girl Scout who loves poetry. And hanging beside their exhibit was a fascinating chart which showed how our Lone Girl Scouts have been earning money to pay for their national registration dues. Here are a few of the ways, things which the girls have done on their own farms. Raised chickens, cows, pigs, rabbits, sheep, turkeys; canned vegetables; cleaned chicken coops; corded wood; dug dandelions; picked cherries, gooseberries, strawberries, potato bugs; piled wood; pruned peach trees; raked hay; raked lawn; sold apples, carrots, corn, cream, eggs. Isn't that a splendid record and the Lone Girl Scout Bureau only a little over a year and a half old at National Headquarters? If you know a girl on a farm who would like to be a Lone Girl Scout, tell her to write to Miss Cora Nelson at 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



## The Health Trail

It was a pleasure to welcome back among us Miss Agnes Wayman who, as many of you remember, was with us last year leading us along the Health Trail. Miss Wayman has now returned to Barnard College where she is head of the Department of Physical Education. But she hasn't forgotten us. And there she was at convention, telling us of the many things which Girl Scouts are doing everywhere along the Health Trail. The Health Trail to Miss Wayman is glorious fun, what with health poster contests and health song contests and health poem contests and banks of health and health scrapbooks and girls getting stronger all the time! She told us of the large cities who have successfully carried on health trails for the girls of their entire town—Cincinnati, Cleveland, Springfield, Mass. and Philadelphia. Unconsciously, as Miss Wayman talked to us, we straightened our shoulders and held up our heads—and wanted nothing more than to go hiking with her!

## The Banner Council for the Past Year

"Mrs. Edey has an important announcement to make," said Mrs. Hoover, our gracious chairman. Mrs. Edey, head of the National Field Department of the Girl Scouts, came to the platform holding in her hands a silk banner. We knew what that meant—the banner council for the year was to be announced! We waited breathlessly. But Mrs. Edey sympathized with our suspense and came to the point at once. "The banner council for the year is Austin, Texas," she said. And Miss Pauline Wherry, regional director for the region in which Austin is, accepted the banner for Austin. We congratulate Austin upon their splendid achievement—and at the same time our thoughts leap to next year and we wonder who will be the banner town then. Write to Mrs. Newell of the Field Department for details!

## The Banquet

It was a beautiful scene, that evening, with the ball room of the Waldorf decked out in our honor and the Girl Scout leaders gay in their pretty evening gowns. As we walked in together, organ music greeted us. And when we looked about us, nodding to our friends everywhere, chatting with those about us, up at the speaker's table we saw representatives of our National Board and our guests of the evening. After we had sung and had our picture taken, we started upon the delicious dinner planned

(Continued on page 60)



Let me tell you how Mary Lee earned her green sweater coat so easily!

## Do You Want More Money?

MARY tried not to look too long . . . But there it hung in the store window.

How could she keep her eyes from straying to the snug, green sweater coat that seemed "just made for her?"

And it didn't cheer her to think about the big holiday outing ahead. All the rest of the girls would be there in their new sports outfits. Wouldn't she like to be buttoned into that cozy sweater when she joined the bunch?

But how could she stretch her allowance to pay for it?

"Why, I'd rather stay at home than go in a shabby old coat," Mary said to herself that evening. "I just won't go."

But she didn't have to stay at home after all . . . For a few weeks later, I received this gay little letter:

Dear Manager: You may be sure that sweater didn't stay in the window long after you told me about the Girls' Club. And you should have heard all the nice things the girls said about it! Besides earning the \$5.00 for the sweater, I now have \$5.00 towards buying a new dress. Mary Lee, Minn.

Not very comforting to look in shop windows, is it? Not much fun in holiday sports if you feel your clothes are shabby. We all know how it is. But the Club is ready to be your "friend-in-need" and you'll enjoy earning in such an easy way.

Here's the story of another happy experience:

Dear Club Manager: When Christmas came near, I had such a long gift list that I was desperate for a way to earn extra money. But after joining the Girls' Club, I soon found myself with \$16.00 in Christmas shopping money. Elizabeth Moore, Kans.

## I'll Tell You How

Don't you feel that you'd like to join a jolly bunch of girls who earn extra money—and spend it happily for charming clothes, happy trips, gay gifts?

As soon as I get your note, giving your name and age, I'll be glad to tell you about our easy "earning" plan. Then you can start work immediately.

Address

Manager of the Girls' Club

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1064 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Read the December number and enjoy adventure, humour and mystery

## Why a Tailored Uniform?

Like Captain, like troop—that is why officers should set their troops an example of smartness and grooming by wearing a perfect fitting uniform.

Our uniforms fill these specifications, because they are tailor made. They are cut to individual measure and in accordance with Girl Scout regulations. The cloth and workmanship are of the finest.

*Prices and samples of materials cheerfully furnished upon request. Uniforms can be made from olive drab serge or khaki, as desired.*

*Write direct to*  
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149-151 W. 36th St., New York, N. Y.

### MISS HARRIS' FLORIDA SCHOOL

Under Northern Management. For the Northern Girl who needs abundant outdoor life, a flood of sunshine, and stimulating ocean breezes all winter long.  
Northern Faculty. Intimate Home Influences.  
Successful Preparation for Leading Northern Colleges.  
*Illustrated catalog.*

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1048 Brickell Avenue Miami, Florida

### THE SKY PILOT STAR

and PLANET CHART -- \$ .50  
With Manual ----- 1.00  
GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD  
Englewood, N. J.

## Please Pass the Muffins

(Continued from page 29)

by biscuit, uses three cups of flour to one of liquid, while for the stiff dough used in pastry and pie crust, four parts of flour to one of liquid is the correct proportion.

With this bit of data in mind, you have at least a bowing if not a wide acquaintance with the batter and dough family, and with a few additional facts, should be able to enjoy the fun of concocting your own recipes and surprising the family.

You will know a great deal about muffins, if you learn that for each cup of flour you allow one-half cup of liquid, one egg, two tablespoons sugar, two teaspoons baking powder or one teaspoon soda, if the liquid used is sour, a fourth teaspoon salt and two tablespoons fat, and that this amount makes eight medium-sized muffins, you can make up a recipe for any number of people. Probably your mother will tell you that one egg to a cup of flour makes a very rich muffin. It does, almost good enough for a cake, but the reason I am advocating two eggs in an ordinary muffin recipe is that the egg is really a neat, small package which contains many of the food-stuffs, especially iron, calcium, phosphorus, vitamins A, B, C, and D, and the best building proteins which are so essential for health and which are spread about in many foods in very small amounts. (You might just as well get used to all of these now as later!) And why go to the trouble of preparing food, eating it and cleaning away after it, if the food is not going to supply the needs of the body in the most efficient way?

So much for the eggs. Sour milk seems to make a tenderer muffin than sweet milk, and sour cream the best muffin of all. When sour cream is used, no other fat is needed. Molasses may be used instead of sugar. I prefer it because it contains iron and sugar does not. When molasses is used, it acts as liquid, so in this case, only three-fourths instead of the whole cup of milk is used. When raisins, dates, or prunes are added, they also increase the iron content, so that muffins which contain graham flour, sour milk, molasses, and raisins, are very rich in iron.

Since I consider the muffin made with sour cream not only the best but the quickest to make, I am giving you the recipe and directions for making this type of muffin. But beside it I am placing the muffins made with sweet milk, sugar, and melted fat. You will probably want to try both—and you may not always have sour cream at hand.

### Graham Muffins

#### NUMBER I

2 eggs  
¾ cup molasses  
¾ cup sour cream  
½ teaspoon soda  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 cups graham flour  
½ cup raisins

#### NUMBER II

2 eggs  
¾ cup sugar  
1 cup milk  
½ teaspoon salt  
4 teaspoons baking powder  
2 cups graham flour  
4 tablespoons melted fat  
½ cup raisins

Light the oven. Then grease the tins. Put a little fat in a tin cup or small saucepan and put it near the flame to melt. Then using a good pastry brush, thoroughly grease the muffin tins. This is one of the important steps in successful muffin making. If the tins have been properly greased, when the muffins are baked, all that is necessary to remove them is to invert the pan over a clean cloth. Give the pan a sharp tap on the table and presto, the muffins are out. If the tins have not been thoroughly greased, the chances are that they will stick to the pan and refuse to come out until pried therefrom with a knife, or the tops will break off leaving the bottoms in the pans, which improves neither the appearance of the muffins nor the temper of the cook. To grease the tins, salad oil may be used instead of melted fat, but a pastry brush is invaluable for this purpose, because it can reach every crack and cranny. Neither a piece of paper nor cold fat should be tolerated in greasing cake or muffin tins.

Having greased or oiled the tins, set them in a warm place (this hastens the baking a bit). Next sift some flour into a bowl or on a piece of clean paper, but do not throw away the bran. Put it back in the flour. The flour should be sifted to incorporate air to make the muffins light, but the bran is a very important food and should not be wasted. Now measure the salt and baking powder into a measuring cup, fill with flour and pour into the sifter. Add the other cup of flour. Return the rest of the flour to the container. Break the eggs into the bowl. Beat until light. Next measure the molasses and sour cream into the cup and pour into the eggs, and the soda and stir into the mixture. Sift in the flour mixture and stir until well mixed. Then put in the raisins and beat for a little while.

Remember that a muffin batter should not be beaten as much as a cake batter or it will become tough. This is because it has less fat than a cake batter.

Put the batter by



The first step in successful muffin making is to grease the tins thoroughly. A pastry brush, which can be purchased in any kitchen ware store, dipped in melted fat or oil is best for this

*You may win a prize in our new Block Print Contest. Be sure and try*

tablespoons in the tins. Only fill them two-thirds full. If they are too full they spread over the tops and are difficult to remove. Place in the oven and cook until the muffins pull away from the sides of the tins and the top springs back when lightly pressed with the tip of the finger.

Muffins should be baked in what is known as a moderate oven, that is, an oven that registers between 350 and 400 degrees Fahrenheit. (If you haven't a thermometer, you will be obliged to get some one to show you how to test it by the feeling of the heat on your hand.)

The time required for cooking depends on how warm the pan is when the muffins are put in and on their size. A small muffin will cook in fifteen minutes, but a large one takes from twenty-five to thirty minutes.

This muffin recipe is a pattern and if you know how to do this one well, you have all the great muffin family at your fingers' ends.

Another interesting muffin can be made by putting a little of the muffin batter in each tin. Then adding a piece of canned or cooked fruit, then filling with batter and cooking as before. A slice of canned peach, a prune, or a little jam or orange marmalade, may be used.

Perhaps the most unusual of all is to put a little orange juice in a glass and add as many lumps of sugar as you have muffins. Put one lump of this sugar in the middle of each muffin and a grating of orange peel over the top. Of course, in this case, the sugar should be omitted.

These are only a few of the combinations that can be made. It might add interest to your cooking to try some combinations of your own.

A delightful and well balanced breakfast menu that can be built around these muffins and one which should send the members of the family forth well equipped to begin the day's work, as far as food is concerned, is the following:

Orange Juice  
Shredded Wheat Biscuit  
with  
Top Milk or Cream  
Soft cooked Egg  
Graham muffins with raisins  
Butter  
Cocoa

You know, for instance, that the orange juice will give you vitamin C; the shredded wheat biscuit, iron and vitamin B; the cream, vitamins A and D and good emulsified fat; the egg, iron, phosphorus, calcium and good protein; the muffin, iron, vitamin B, roughage and carbohydrates; the butter, more A and D, and another good fat; while the milk in the cocoa supplies the lime and more phosphorus, protein, and some of the vitamins.

How did you get along last month with the Soup family? And won't you write us about your adventures with the Muffin family? Don't forget what is going to happen to you if you practise with our cooking page every month! S-h-h-! You're going to be a good cook. S-h-h-! It won't take your friends any time at all to realize it. S-h-h-!

## It's easy to raise money for Girl Scout Troops with Osborne Benefit Pencils

High Grade Hexagon Pencils, Fancy Gilt Tips, Red Erasers, in Red, Green, Blue, Yellow, Lavender or Gray Enamel Finish, with name of the Troop in Gilt or Silver lettering.

**DURING** the past year we printed nearly three million of our "Benefit Pencils." We are still at it and at this very minute they are earning money for Girl Scout Troops in all parts of the country. The pencils we furnish are of excellent quality, gilt tips, red rubber erasers, and can be had in one color or assorted, with any short inscription up to 40 letters in gilt or silver. Every pencil bears an appropriate inscription telling the purpose for which the money is being raised.

Everybody will gladly purchase one or more for their own use, receiving full value for the small amount of money spent. Business houses, offices, etc., usually purchase them by the dozen or gross and you will be surprised to see how quickly they sell.

We are making a Special Rate of \$4.50 per gross, terms net cash 30 or 60 days from date of invoice, f. o. b.

Camden, New York. Subject to a discount of 2% if paid within ten days, and delivery charges allowed if account is paid within 30 days. All goods are usually shipped within 48 hours from receipt of order.

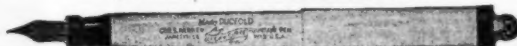
Why not let us send you some pencils which can be easily sold at five cents each? This means a profit of \$2.70 per gross or nearly \$20.00 on every seven gross sale.

Remember—we do not ask a single penny in advance, thus giving you the opportunity to conduct the sale and do all the collecting before sending us our share of the proceeds. In other words—we finance the investment for you—no fuss—no risk—no worry!

Do you know of a quicker, better or safer way in which to secure funds for your Troop?

No order for less than two gross accepted. Pencils after being printed cannot be returned for credit.

### SPECIAL INDUCEMENT



As a special inducement to have your order read for at least seven gross we are giving a \$5.00 Parker Duofold or Lady Duofold Gold Mounted Fountain Pen.

Send for your pencils TODAY, printing out the inscription desired very plainly and we will ship them at once. They will soon be earning good money and you will be more than pleased with the result.

THE OSBORNE SPECIALTY COMPANY

CAMDEN · NEW YORK

## Twenty Clothes Questions

(Continued from page 18)

notice, too, that lots of girls are wearing shorts, cut like their brothers'. Pajamas in candy stripes also have quite a masculine look and the striped flannel bathrobes continue popular.

**17. Are artificial flowers still being worn?**

I am getting a little tired of them, but you see quite a few long chiffon shoulder flowers on evening dresses, and the leather flowers matching leather belts are rather nice on cloth dresses. Bows of self fabric are taking the place of flowers on many frocks.

**18. Is there anything new in handbags?**

I've seen quite a few young girls carrying rather small almost square flat leather bags, opening at the top, and fitted with a strap handle. I've seen them in colored and patent leather.

**19. What kind of beads are nice?**

Carnelian beads are pretty with brown dresses, and lapis lazuli beads are just the fashionable blue shade. Crystal or small pearls for dress-up.

**20. Is there anything else new in jewelry?**

The new seems to be the old just now. Old chains and bracelets are good.

**How many Christmas subscriptions will your troop sell? Begin now!**



## Did the Pilgrims Have Bankbooks?

**Y**OU WOULD have envied them most heartily! Way back, when the first Thanksgiving Dinner was served out in the open, the forests were filled with great chestnut trees. What fun it was, burrowing under the brown rustling leaves, for the darker brown, delicious nuts that hid there.

And how good they tasted when winter came with its cold, snowy nights—and the fire crackled cozily inside. The Puritan mothers and fathers—for all their sternness—would relax in its friendly warmth, I suspect. (Don't you think they did, too, just a little?)

They told stories of England—of their old home across the sea. Though they were very, very happy to be right here in America.

But when it came to bankbooks!—I'm rather doubtful. I'm even wondering if, here in our modern twentieth century, you own one!

Do you?

Oh yes, you can! It's the easiest thing in the world—here in the Pin-Money Club. There's a very special thrill in having \$25 or \$35 written inside of it. When you go on camping trips, and on sleighing parties this winter—and *shopping this Christmas-time*—there it is! a nice round sum ready to use.

That's what the girls I know are doing. They belong to this happy, jolly Club of ours—and the money they put into their banks, they are earning themselves!

It doesn't take much time to do our pleasant, easy work. On your Saturday afternoons, or on week days after School—whenever you have some spare moments—you easily earn \$2—\$3—even more if you are diligent.

You're not forgetting for a minute that Christmas is coming up the road. You want to be ready!

Write for a copy of the little booklet I have for you. It is called, "A Way to Make Money"—and it also tells you about the many other girls, and women, too, who are members of our Club. You'll want to join us—to belong to our ranks of money-earning P. M. C.ers!

*Margaret Clarke*

Secretary, Pin Money Club  
Department 4  
Woman's Home Companion  
250 Park Avenue

New York City

New York

## The Girl Scout Way at Convention

(Continued from page 57)

for us by the Manhattan Council. It was an evening to be remembered, a dinner presided over by Mrs. Hoover, with Major Arthur W. Procter of the Boy Scout Foundation of New York City, and Mrs. Dwight Morrow, wife of our ambassador to Mexico, as our guest speakers, with Mrs. Choate bringing us further word of the Juliette Low Memorial, and with Mrs. Rippin the bearer of greetings from Manhattan, because, as Manhattan said, she lives in New York and works in New York even though she belongs to Girl Scouts everywhere.

### The Exhibits

You would have enjoyed strolling about the convention exhibit room. As you entered the door, there was a table exhibit of the cunningest camp. Cunning is the word to use because it was all in miniature with trees and tents and a mirror lake which made you sigh again that summer had slipped away so quickly. And the dolls! Very special, jointed dolls dressed up as campers and Girl Scouts and, we knew, camp visitors—merry dolls that made you smile—and Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock who invented them there to tell you that you can now buy them for your Girl Scout exhibits to dress up as you wish. The National Equipment Department has them in stock for ten cents each.

Across the way was the Girl Scout shop, with Mr. MacDowell of our National Equipment Department, to greet you in person. It was a convention Girl Scout shop, transplanted to the Waldorf and many a Girl Scout leader exclaimed, "Aren't these new raincoats lovely?" Or, "Look at those attractive camp dishes"—or other exclamations appropriate to the many wares which our Equipment Department now carries.

Next to the Girl Scout shop was the exhibit of our Publications Department, with our new Girl Scout Short Story Book (a collection of the most popular stories published in *The American Girl*, you know—and any girl may buy it—\$2.00) and "Nancy goes Girl Scouting," (\$1.50) that entrancing book written by Jean Henry Large and an introduction by Mrs. Hoover (see page 47 for further

information!) and our adorable new Girl Scout Diary which sells for fifty cents. A place for your momentous happenings every day during 1928 and a nature diary at the same time. You will love having it—from the National Equipment Department.

Down the line was the Lone Girl Scout exhibit about which we have told you. And Dr. Cady's Nature exhibit with spatter work and nature notebooks and leaders crowding around Dr. Cady to ask her for suggestions for their own nature work with their troops back home. If you don't already know Dr. Cady's nature projects, our advice to you is—send for them at once. They will make your autumn days and your winter days—and all your life more interesting. And when you have them you will know why the leaders were so eager to talk to Dr. Cady at convention.

Next, THE AMERICAN GIRL advertising exhibit with lovely exhibits of what you see advertised from month to month in *The American Girl*. There were books here, too—"Books THE AMERICAN GIRL Has Helped to Make" (see pages 34 and 35 of this issue) and many others. Many visitors said they almost felt like shaking hands with the books when they saw old friends like *Raguel of the Ranch Country* by Alida Sims Malkus or *Becky Landers* and *Roselle of the North* by Constance Lindsay Skinner or *Girls Who Did*, that book on careers for girls which our Editor has just written with her friend, Virginia Moore. Helen Ferris

herself was there, too, with her pocket full of little white cards on which she busily wrote down news items for future issues of our magazine, and talked and talked with your captains about what you most wish to have in our magazine!

### A New Uniform

Yes, the Girl Scouts are to have a new uniform, one of the loveliest green color imaginable and a tricky little green hat that matches it. And since our leaders couldn't be left out when the girls got a new uniform, they have one, too—also a green, with a dark green hat—and won't we all look woodsy and out-doorsy when we go hiking out? And won't everyone think of woods and grassy

(Continued on page 63)



The new Girl Scout uniform as Mrs. Giles Whiting and her young friend showed it at Convention

Read all about the new contest on page 25. You'll surely want to enter

## Curly Rides High

(Continued from page 17)

was a smile of delighted anticipation on her face, and her dreams were of a swarming field in Ohio, around her the finest planes of the country.

At four o'clock the next afternoon, she went over to the airdrome—George and Mary lived in town—to find a half dozen flyers lounging, as was their late afternoon custom, on the porch of the recreation building.

"How's our flyer?" grinned Jimmy Jennings. "The aerial policewoman of the border, as it were?"

"That may be true, at that," stated Sleepy Spears.

"Look what's coming!" interrupted Captain Kennard. "Whose Pullman car is that?"

Curly looked toward the gate, and her body tensed suddenly.

"That's—it's Mr. O'Reilly's car that I stopped yesterday," she said breathlessly.

The big car came to a stop, and the gargantuan Irishman climbed out and faced the fliers. His small, bright blue eyes darted toward Curly for an instant, his freckled face unsmiling as he said:

"So you got me arrested, huh?"

Lieutenant Slimuel X. Evans was not a patient man under any circumstances, and he usually said what he thought. Curly did not know for a long time what might have happened that day if Slim had held his temper, but he did not. The rangy airman stepped forward, and shook a finger under the big oil man's snub nose.

"Yes, she did. A fine bozo you are! I don't give hoot whether you're Michael O'Reilly or not—so watch your tongue. Yes, we had you arrested. Now what?"

In an instant the anger of the Texan flared into his eyes. His face flushed. The frightened Curly ran inside the office. Vaguely, she overheard loud, wrathful voices. There seemed to be a momentary scuffle, then the noise of a furiously driven car.

"Come on out, Curly," called Tex MacDowell, and his eyes were glowing warmly. "We just naturally kicked that big bully off the field."

"Boy, what a quick blow-up he did!" marveled Jimmy Jennings. "If I had a temper like that, I'd stay off by myself, all right, all right."

Curly was distraught and unhappy that evening. The incident worried her strangely, and Slim's conversation switched periodically into denunciation of the famous oil man.

Curly was just going to bed when the doorbell rang, and a special delivery letter was given to George. She and Mary watched him as he read it.

Silently he handed Lucy the letter.

"Don't let your sister start for Dayton to fly an exhibition, or for any other reason. Powerful and relentless forces, for their own reasons, do not want her to go, and she will never reach Dayton if she starts. Heed this warning if you value her safety."

A FRIEND

Who wrote this mysterious warning—and why? Shall Curly give up her trip to Dayton? So starts the mystery—and next month will bring you more.

## What this trade-mark



GIRL SCOUTS, INC. NEW YORK CITY

on Official Girl Scout Khaki Cloth  
means—

(Continued from September Issue)

THE goods are then put into what is called "process" at the dye house, going through first a preparatory bath, removing any foreign matter which may have remained and then subjected to a very careful even dyeing in the fastest sulphur dyes obtainable.

After that there is another inspection to catch anything that is not correct from the dyeing point of view to the end that the customer may eventually receive as nearly perfect a piece of merchandise as it is possible to make.

Obtainable only through your own  
National Girl Scout Official  
Equipment Headquarters

Manufactured by THE OTTO GOETZE CO., New York City

### Troops Earn Money

Selling

Highest Grade Assorted 5c  
CHOCOLATE  
COVERED BARS

22 Varieties

Offer not good in South or West

SEND NO MONEY—I TRUST YOU

L. E. AUSTIN  
760 West End Ave.  
New York City

Please send information regarding your money-earning plan for societies, girls' clubs, etc.

Name.....

Street.....

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### Boys & Girls Earn Xmas Money

for your Troop

Send for 30 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, and Tags. Sell for 10 cents each. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. Or send for 50 packages of Christmas Post Cards, 6 in a package. Sell for 5 cents. When sold send us \$1.25 and keep \$1.25. Or send for 30 packages of Christmas Greeting Cards and envelopes, 3 in a package. Sell for 10 cents. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.50. We trust you.

CHRISTMAS CARD CO., DEPT. 16, BEVERLY, MASS.

### INESLAY Studio of the Dance

Classes in rhythmic and dramatic dancing—Also ballet and pantomime—Develops girls physically, giving poise and grace of movement—

For information write to

MARGUERITE HIRTH

1 West 81 Street New York, N. Y.

Watch for the announcement of winners in the What-I-Wish Contest—soon!

## Ways To Earn Money for Your Troop

### Send for CHRISTMAS CARDS to SELL

#### \$32.00 EASILY EARNED

On order of Captain we will send any Troop as many boxed assortments of die-stamped Christmas Cards as you can sell 21 for \$1.00 and allow you until Jan. 1st to remit. 25% commission on all orders and bonus on \$100.00, giving profit of \$32.00. Prepaid East of the Mississippi. For samples and further information address

**MERRILL MAX MILLER**  
Newport, Vermont

## MONEY

### FOR YOUR TROOP

#### Sell Wellknown Candy

#### 5c. Bars



NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Send for Circular and Samples

**BYLUND BROTHERS INC.**

Woolworth Bldg. New York City

## Sell 5c Candy Bars

Write for

**Proven Money-Raising Plan**  
for Girl Scout troops, Schools, Classes,  
Churches, Clubs, Societies, etc.

**FRED D. LESURE COMPANY**  
53 Laurel Street Fitchburg, Mass.

#### BOYS & GIRLS

#### Earn Beautiful Premiums or Cash

for your Troop fund. Our premiums are the highest grade and our merchandise fast selling. Have your captain write at once for full particulars. No money needed as we trust you.

**THE MONARCH SALES CO.**

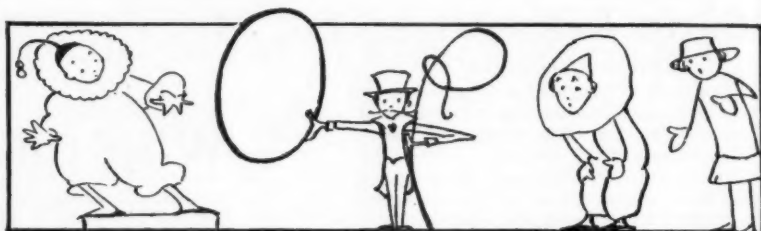
Dept. A. G.

561 Humboldt Parkway Buffalo, N. Y.

#### BOYS & GIRLS Earn Xmas Money

For your troop Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and you keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun. We Trust You Gladly. St. Nicholas Seal Co., Dept. 108AG, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**BOYS & GIRLS \$2.00 Given** NO WORK JUST FUN  
Simply sell 50 Sets of Our Famous Christmas Seals for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00 for your troop. We trust you until Christmas if necessary. Write—right now—Be first in your town. Amer. Christmas Seal Co., Dept. 163AG, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## Laugh and Grow Scout



### Wanted, A Diagram

The Newlyweds had bought a turkey for dinner on Thanksgiving Day, and as Newlywed was a novice at carving, his wife insisted on his learning how to carve from the cookery book so that he should not display his ignorance before their guests. When the turkey appeared on the table, however, the host was plainly at a loss how to begin.

"Why don't you carve it, dear?" asked his wife anxiously. "You know exactly how it is done."

"Of course I do, love," said Newlywed, "but I can't find any of the dotted lines."—Sent by HELEN BEANE, *Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

### Why Bother?

**SALESMAN (to tired farmer):** Why, with these nice modern machines you could do three times as much work as you are doing now.

**TIRED FARMER:** But I don't want to do three times as much work as I'm doing now.—Sent by ELIZABETH DODGE, *Springfield, Mass.*



### Of Course

"Mother, did you ever hear a rabbit bark?"

"Why, dear, rabbits don't bark."

"That's funny. My story book says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark."—Sent by DOROTHY GRAY, *Waterbury, Connecticut.*

### The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month What Address?

The grandstand and bleachers overlook the athletic field back of the high school. As Patrol Leader, I had called my Girl Scouts to tell them that a meeting would be held at the bleachers. A half hour later, Mildred, a new Girl Scout excitedly 'phoned me:

"I forgot to ask you where Mrs. Bleacher lives."

Sent by JUSTINE NEWSALT BACH,  
*Owatonna, Minnesota.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

### Swat!

Two Irishmen had been fighting pestering mosquitoes on a blistering hot night. About two o'clock they finally got to sleep. While in a half doze a lightning-bug came flying into their room.

"Be gorry, Mike, it's no use," exclaimed Pat. "Here's one of those pesky critturs sarchin' for us wid a lantern!" Sent by BEULAH MAE TALMAN, *Westfield, Massachusetts.*



### A Free Banquet

**MAGNOLIUS:** "You say anything mo', big boy, an' I'll make you eat yo' words. 'At's what I'll do!"

**FLORIAN:** "Chicken, dumplings, hot biscuits, sweet pertaters an' watermelon.—Sent by GERMAINE SWITALSKI, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*

### A Freshman's Notebook

**Blizzard**—Inside of a chicken  
**Mountain range**—A large cook stove  
**Oxygen**—An eight sided figure  
**Dispel**—To spell incorrectly  
**Butter**—A billy goat  
**Buttress**—A nanny goat  
**Frontispiece**—A headlight on a Ford automobile

**Furlough**—A fur bearing animal  
**Observatory**—A place where flowers are kept

**Joan of Arc**—One of Noah's daughters.  
Sent by EDITH C. TOBEY, *Portland, Oregon.*

"I wonder," mused the Tenderfoot, "why is it that, when blackberries are red, they're green?"

Your mother will be keen about the December "American Girl," because—

## The Girl Scout Way at Convention

(Continued from page 60)

hillsides when hundreds of us get together at our rallies!

Don't think, however, that you must change the uniform which you have now. That one will be official until it wears out, although you may of course buy one of the new ones if you wish. The National Equipment Department page here in THE AMERICAN GIRL will let you know all about the price of everything. And you would have been as pleased as everyone at the Convention was if you could have seen the Chairman of the new uniform Committee, Mrs. Giles Whiting, and her Girl Scout friend as they walked about among us dressed up in the new uniforms, showing us how very attractive and practical they are.

### The Manhattan Rally

And then, on Saturday afternoon, there were four thousand Girl Scouts and their leaders to greet the delegates—four thousand Girl Scouts with their banners held high—can you not see them as they marched in, led by their commissioner, Mrs. Louis Guerineau Myers, for their opening ceremony? There were Senior Girl Scouts, too, in their blue uniforms, acting as very efficient aides. It was a beautifully planned rally, with every one of the four thousand girls going to her place with alacrity; most certainly an exemplification of our Girl Scout motto, "Be Prepared."

There were awards and presentations in recognition of work well done. New Golden Eaglets were received into the Order of the Golden Eaglets. And how we all did applaud when we saw the large number who merited silver service stripes for five years in Girl Scouting and those to whom the gold service stripe was given for ten years in Girl Scouting.

And as we left, there remained with us the memory of the Camp Calemaco girls in their trim white middies and yellow ties, their black bloomers and stockings and white sneakers; of the valiant drum and bugle corps; of the archers and the tumblers and the dancers of all nations—memory, too, of the splendid help given by the Boy Scout ushers.

It was a great convention, a friendly convention coming to a fitting close there among those four thousand enthusiastic Girl Scouts.

### We're Coming, Colorado Springs!

We send a special greeting to Colorado Springs where we shall gather for our next Girl Scout convention. The first Girl Scout Convention to be held west of the Mississippi River—you can imagine how much everyone is looking forward to it.



### Art and Craft Supplies including Craft Leathers

Tools and Designs. Beads and Loom. Hooked-Rug Outfit and Supplies. Reeds, Raffia and All Basket Materials. Artists and China Painting Supplies. Etc. Etc.—Interesting Free Catalogues on Request. The Jayson Co. Inc., 217-219 Mercer St., N. Y. (Dept. 14)

### BROWNIE NAME CARDS

Latest Handy Size. 50 Perfect Name Cards and Case 50c. Size 1 1/4 x 2 1/4, engraved in dull black, gloss black, silver, or gold. Choice of Old English, Script or plain types. With novelty case. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents Wanted. 156 Main St. BROWNIE NAME CARD CO. Coventry, R. I.

KNOW EARN WEAR  
Girl Scout Merit Badges



Dancer  
Symbol—Foot in Slipper

### Show Your Badge!

Girl Scout Badges add immeasurably to the beauty and distinction of your uniform. Wear them! Let your friends be proud of the honors you have won.

Girl Scout Badges are beautifully designed—and beautifully made by the largest makers of embroidered emblems in the world.

Manufactured by  
**Lion Brothers Co., Inc.**  
Baltimore, Maryland

Sold only through  
Girl Scout National Equipment  
Headquarters New York

In it Winifred Moses tells you how to get the Christmas dinner all by yourself

# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

## EFFECTIVE FOR CURRENT MONTH

Uniforms			Girl Scout Song Sheet			Nature Projects			Troop Advancement Record		
Long Coat	Size	Price	Lots of 10 or more			Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover			3c a sheet		
Short Coat Suit	10-18	\$3.65	Goodnight	.03		Projects, each	1.50		Troop Reports (30 sheets)	25c package	
Skirt	10-18	4.15	Hiking On	.30		Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each	.40		Per sheet (broken pkg.)	2c ea	
Bloomers	10-18	4.70	On the Trail	.05		Star Project	.20		Miscellaneous		
Knickers	10-44	2.10	Piano Edition	.40		Ye Andree Logge	.75		Axe, with sheath	Price	
Middy—Official khaki	10-44	1.85	Midget Size	.02		Pageant			Belt Hooks, extra	\$1.85	
Norfolk Suit—Officer's	10-42	1.75	Lots of 10 or more	.15		Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each	.50		Blankets—3½-pound camel's hair	.05	
Khaki, lightweight	32-44	8.00	To America	.25		Patrol Register, each	.15		O. D.—¾-pound all wool, size 66x80	5.50	
Serge	32-44	38.00	Flags			Patrol System for Girl Guides	.25		Bugle	4.75	
Hat, Officer's, Felt with insignia	6½-8	3.00	American Flags			Plays—			Braid—¾-inch wide yard	5.00	
Hat, Girl Scout's	6½-8	1.60	2x3 ft. Wool	\$2.80		Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) Each	.15		Buttons—Per Set	.25	
Web Belt	28-38	.65	3x5 ft. Wool	3.60		How St. John Came to Bence's School	.15		100-6 L to set—dozen sets	2.75	
Leather Belt for Officers	40-46	.75	4x6 ft. Wool	4.60		A Pot of Red Geraniums	.15		Canteen, Aluminum	2.35	
Neckerchiefs, Cotton, each	40-42	3.00	Troop Flags			Why the Rubbish?	.15		Compass, Plain	2.75	
Neckerchiefs, silk, each		2.00	2 x3 ft. Wool	\$2.60		Everybody's Affair	.15		Radiolite Dial	1.00	
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow.		.45	3 x5 ft. Wool	4.20		When the Four Winds Met (By Olea Schrotky)	.15		Cuts Running Girl	1.50	
Yellow Slickers	10	3.75	4 x6 ft. Wool	8.50		Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mochrie)	.15		Trefoil	.75	
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather	12	4.00	NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags and pennants.			Lots of ten or more, each	1.10		First Aid Kit with Pouch	.80	
Slipcover Model	14-20	5.00	Troop Pennants			Post Cards—			Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra	.50	
Badges			Lettering with any Troop No.			Set of six (Silhouette)	.10		First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90	
Attendance Stars		.10	Signal Flags			Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer, Sets cannot be broken)	1.50		Flashlights, Small size	1.50	
Silver		.10	Flag Set complete			Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer, Sets cannot be broken)	.15		Large size	1.70	
First Class Badge		.25	Includes:			1 dozen sets	1.00		Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:		
Flower Crests		.15	1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed 6-ft. Staff			1 dozen sets	.05		Linen	.35	
Life Saving Crosses		.15	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy Web Carrying case			Washington Little House (Exterior)	.02		Box of three	1.00	
Silver		1.75	1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with out jointed Flagstaff or Carrying Case			Washington Little House (Doorway)	.02		Cotton	.20	
Bronze		1.50	Staffs			Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price) Per hundred	.45		Box of six	1.00	
Proficiency Badges		.15	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral G. S. Emblem			Girl Scout's Promise Per hundred	.45		Haversacks, No. 1	2.00	
Second Class Badge		.15	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear G. S. Emblem—separate			Girl Scout's Promise Per hundred	.45		No. 2	.25	
Thanks Badge		3.00	Eagle Emblem—separate			Series of Law Cards			Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair	.25	
Heavy gold plate with bar		5.00	Spear Emblem—separate			Per hundred	4.50		1 Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36-in. wide	.40	
10K Gold Pin		.75	Flag Carrier			"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"	.45		Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide	.60	
Gold Plate Pins		.75	Literature			"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"	.45		Material for Brownie Uniform, 32-in. wide	.25	
Silver Plate		.75	Brown Book for Brown Owls			"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"	.45		Knives, No. 1	1.60	
Insignia			Brownie Handbook, English			"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"	.45		No. 2	1.05	
Armband		.10	Brownie Games, English			Any of above, each	.03		Sheath Knife	1.60	
Corporal's Chevron		.10	Blue Book of Rules			Per hundred	2.50		Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.00	
Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron		.20	Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)			Posters—			Mirror—Unbreakable	.25	
Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)		.50	Campward Hol.			New Building Poster 9½x11½	.10		Patterns		
Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts		.20	Camp and Field Notebook Cover			Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)	1.00		Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	.15	
Patrol Leader's Chevron		.15	Ceremonies around the Girl Scout Year			Girl Scout's Promise, 11x16	.15		Norfolk Suit, 34-44	.25	
Pins			Community Service Booklet—Each 10c; Per dozen			Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11	.10		Brownie, 8-12	.30	
Brownie		.15	First Aid Book—New Edition			Per hundred	8.00		Pocket Signal Charts, each	.15	
Committee		.75	Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts (By Chas. F. Smith)			Scout Laws	.30		In lots of ten or more, each	.10	
Community Service		.35	Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris)			Size 14x19	.10		Poncho (45x72)	3.50	
Golden Eaglet		1.50	Girl Guide Book of Games			Size 9x11	.10		Poncho (60x82)	4.75	
Lapels—G. S., Bronze		.50	Girl Scout Game Book			Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris)	2.00		Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.00	
Girl Scout Pins		3.00	Girl Scout Handfacts			Scout Mastership	1.50		10K Gold, 3 to 9	3.00	
10K Gold (safety catch)		.75	Health Record Books, each			Short Stories for Girl Scouts	2.00		Rope, 4 ft. by ¾ in.	.15	
Gold Filled (safety catch)		.15	Per dozen			Tree Marker (not engraved)	8.00		Lots of 5 or more, each	.10	
New plain type		.08	Handbook, Cloth Board Cover			Troop Management Course	.75		Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt	.50	
Old style plain pin		.50	Flexible Cloth Cover			Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)	1.55		Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per yard	4.75	
Midget gold filled		.50	English Girl Guide			Additional Sheets			Sewing Kit, Tin Case	.25	
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform		.75	Home Service Booklet, each			Cash Record (15 sheets)	25c package		Aluminum Case	.50	
Senior Girl Scout Pin		.75	How to Start a Girl Scout Troop			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.3c ea.		Girl Scout Stationery	.55	
Songs			Pamphlet, each			Treasurer's Monthly Record (30 sheets)	25c package		Girl Scout Stickers—each	.01	
America, the Beautiful		.05	Per hundred			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		Per dozen	.10	
Are You There?		.10	Knots, Hitches and Splices			Treasurer's or Scribe's Record (15 sheets)	25c package		Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11	.50	
Enrollment		.10	Life Saving Booklet			Individual Record (30 sheets)	25c package		Sun Watch	1.00	
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout		.15	Nature Program			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold)	.02	
First National Training School		.25	A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders in their Nature Work			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		3 for 5c; 12 for 15c; 100 for 1.00		
Girl Guide		.60	Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		Thread, Khaki spool	.15	
Girl Scouts are True		.15	Tenderfoot			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		Per dozen spools	1.20	
Girl Scout Song Book		.50	First Class and Rambler			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		Uniform Make-up Sets—		
Girl Scout Songs		.50	Second Class and Observer			Per sheet (broken pkg.)	.2c ea.		Long Coat Uniform	.70	
Vocal Booklet		.10	Per Set of 3						1 Long Coat Pattern		
Piano Edition		.30							1 Pair Lapels		

### Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

\*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Mail all Orders to **GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.** 670 Lexington Ave., New York City

Earn your own equipment with American Girl premiums—write for a list



### United States and Foreign

Approval sheets for beginners; booklets by countries for the more advanced. Everything for collectors, sets, packets, albums, hinges etc. A stock of 40,000 varieties to select from. Reference please.

#### OLD COLONY STAMP CO.

333 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

### Get This Rare Triangle Stamp



Send 10c for this COMPLETE OUTFIT 50 different foreign stamps; illustrated Album; Pack of Stamp Hinges; Perforation Gauge; Big Illustrated Price List. To all approval applicants only. For W. W. BETTS Clearfield, Penna. 10c

#### SPECIAL OFFER ONLY \$2.25

To approval applicants, 25 different French Cols., 25 different British Cols., 25 different Portuguese Cols., and 25 different Mini Stamps—of fine set free for postage. Variety Packets as follows: 1,000 All Countries, \$1.00; 100 French Cols., 50c; 100 British Cols., 50c; 100 Portuguese Cols., 50c; 200 Austria, \$1.00; 100 Balkan States, 50c; 100 Danzig, \$1.00; 200 Hungary, 60c; 200 Germany, 60c; 15 Mozambique Co., 15c; 100 Poland, 50c; 100 Africa, 50c; 100 Asia, 75c; 500 New Europe, \$1.00; 50 Persia, 50c; 100 Turkey, \$1.00; 50 Russia, 50c; 50 Air-Post Stamps, \$1.00. Universal Hinges 12c per 1,000 postpaid. J. MAXFIELD, BOX 315, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

500 different stamps 40c; 1000, 80c; 2000, \$3.50. Largest 5 and 10c list in America. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### The Finishing Touch to the Uniform —the Neckerchief



HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, cardinal or yellow, also black, tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefol pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the trefol seal. Only 45c.

Girl Scout Official Neckerchief Made by

**STANTON BROS.**  
NEW YORK

This neckerchief is on sale at Girl Scout Equipment Headquarters, New York

## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

In the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL we heralded the news that a new set of postage stamps was in preparation for Palestine. The original intention had been to place this new set of stamps on sale during August or September but, at the time that this is being written, only two values have so far appeared. One of these, the three milliemi stamp, is printed in a yellowish green and shows Rachel's Tomb. The other stamp is of thirteen milliemi denomination, ultramarine in color, and shows the Dome of the Rock. Both stamps are printed in three languages, English, Hebrew and Arabic, and are watermarked with a multiple crown and a script CA. They are illustrated below.

Next month Christmas will be with us again. I think it would be a pretty safe thing to say that none of our stamp collecting readers have in their possession a stamp or the envelope of a letter postmarked Holy Land on Christmas Day—December twenty-fifth. The editor of the stamp column is making arrangements now to have a small number of letters mailed in Jerusalem, Palestine, on Christmas Day this year. If you want this unusual cover from the far away Holy Land the stamp editor will have one mailed addressed specially to you. Just send thirty-five cents to cover the cost. Because of the length of time it takes to correspond with Palestine your order should be sent at once.

The following newspaper clipping will probably be of interest to you:

"Delegates to the American Legion Convention in Paris will have special stamps provided for them by the French postal authorities. They will be of artistic as well as philatelic interest. One, whose value will be ninety centimes postal card rate, will be red, bearing the head of George Washington. Another, of blue with the head of Lafayette, is to be a franc and a half, the letter rate for the United States. The two issues will be sold only during the month of September, which will add to their value for stamp collectors."



### A DIAMOND SHAPED STAMP

a triangle stamp, the smallest stamp, the largest stamp, a stamp with gold, a stamp with silver, and a stamp made of a map. This scarce and bizarre packet for only 10c to applicants of approvals.

#### DEKALB STAMP CO.

61 Franklin St. Garrett, Ind.

### WORLD WIDE Surprise Packet

Cataloging over \$2.00 sent to approval applicants only for 25 cents. You'll be pleased.

#### RELIANCE STAMP CO.

Auburndale Mass.

### ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mm. scale; small album; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Malay, Dutch India, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c. To approval applicants. Also pocket stockbook, post. 25c., with carry order. ANCHER STAMP CO., 148a Clark Street, Jersey City, N. J.

### FREE—DANDY PACKET, BIG LIST

Coupons, hinges with approvals for name. Address two collectors. 2c. postage. Special—10c. each—50 Asia-Africa; 25 So. Am.; 100 Europe; 25 Fr. Cols.; 25 Br. Cols.; 25 U. S. A.; 25 Australia; 10 Animal; 15 Pictures; 25 Finland, etc., 200 Diff. Eleven 10c. Packets, \$1. U. T. K. Stamp Co., Utica, N. Y.



Fine Approval Selections at 50% to 60% off catalog. Tell us your needs. 100 different stamps free to all those requesting approvals and inclose 3c postage. Agents Wanted. Write NOW, Wincholt Stamp Co., Box 21, Woodbine, Pa.

### Get This United States Packet

A special packet of 50 different United States Stamps. Postage, dues, revenues, commemoratives, etc., all for only 12c to approval applicants only.

#### CLEARFIELD STAMP COMPANY

P. O. Box 98V East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### 1000 MIXED STAMPS

Big Variety, clean of paper 10c, 30 different U. S. stamps 10c, 40 different U. S. Precancels 10c, 100 different U. S. Precancels 25c. Address: Homer S. Boster, Box 282, Dept. 2, Chillicothe, Ohio.

STAMP ALBUM FREE—Spaces for 1200 stamps with purchase of 100 different unused stamps for 25 cents. Genuine Mexican \$5 Bill and 100 different foreign stamps for a dime. One pound, about 4500 mixed unpicked foreign mission stamps for \$1.15 postfree.

S. Nagle, 1101 Marion, Reading, Pa.

### THE MAP PACKET

contains 10 different Map Stamps from the two Hemispheres. Also a packet of different stamps with animals, birds, ships and scenery to approval applicants, all for a dime.

S. E. SAXE 1427 N. 58th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Scarce Diamond Shaped Salvador

Also Gold Coast, Congo, Gwalior, Sudan, Senegal, 5c. South Africa, etc. In our Packet of 55 all Different. MONUMENTAL STAMP CO., 3704 Overlook Rd., Balto., Md.

1000 stamps 30c. Album 60c holds 2000 stamps; diff. stamps 80c; 500, 30c; 300, 20c; 250 \$3.00. U. S. 100 diff. 30c; 150, 65c; 100 Brit. Colonies 30c. 100 French Col. 35c. Michael, 4444D Clifton, Chicago.

STAMPS 105 China etc., 2c. Album (500 illust.) 2c. List free. Bulard, S. Bay, Dept. 29, Boston

Try big bargain penny approvals. They satisfy. Higher priced stamps also. John Smoot, McLean, Va.

FREE 101 Diff. Peachy stamps to app. appl. Postage 2c. Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

Write for free list of Packets and Sets. Neil Greenberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The American Girl" book pages keep you in touch with new stories

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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



NUMBER ONE



NUMBER SIX



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## DO YOU KNOW OUR AUTHORS?

IF YOU were walking down the street, and Helen Wills passed by, would you recognize her? Would you know Augusta Huiell Seaman, whose mystery stories you like so well, or Mary Frances Shuford, the creator of the irrepressible Midge?

You're not sure that you would? Well, here's a chance for you to see!

The photograph of every author on this page has, at some time or another, appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL. So, if you get into difficulties, you can easily get out your back copies of the magazine to help you. And you may need help, too. For, as you can see by the peculiar appearance of the pictures, the faces have been all mixed up, just to make it harder for you. You will find that Phyllis Duganne is somebody else—we won't say who—from the middle of her face up, and somebody else is Phyllis Duganne from the middle of her nose to the top of her head.

And it's the same way for every one. The game is to cut the pictures apart and try to reassemble the faces correctly. A good way is to paste the top half of all the photographs on a piece of cardboard, and try the lower halves underneath, where you think they ought to go. Pin them first, until you're sure they're right, and then paste them.

It would be lots of fun to try this puzzle at your next troop meeting, if all the AMERICAN GIRL readers among you haven't already worked it out. Everyone, of course, should start at the same time, and the one who finishes first will be the winner. Besides assembling the pictures properly, each girl should be able to recognize the authors and put their names underneath. See how many you can guess without consulting your old magazines.

Next month you will know whether you're right or not in your solutions. Keep your pictures and see. And be sure to mark the number of each half beside it, because the answers will be announced this way:

The top of number one + the bottom of number seven = name of author.



NUMBER THREE



NUMBER FOUR



NUMBER FIVE



NUMBER EIGHT



NUMBER NINE



NUMBER TEN



NUMBER ELEVEN

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

HELPFUL HELENS: One collar point round, the other pointed. One short sleeve, one long. Six fingers on left hand. Shoes different. Clock numbers missing. No point, or spout, in bellows. Fifth row of bricks on fireplace not set right. Andirons off center. Picture on wall hung off center. Pattern on chair cover different on upper part. Some of feathers on duster too long. All legs on tabouret different. One leg missing on chair. Cord on window shade too far off to one side.

ENIGMA: 1. afraid. 2. tour. 3. glass. 4. mine. 5. oil. 6. I. A Girl Scout is a friend to animals.

### MAKING DIAMONDS:

WANT ADS: ad-age, ad-amant, ad-apt, ad-dress, ad-herc, ad-just, ad-it, ad-miral, ad-mire, ad-opt, ad-ore, ad-rift, ad-vice, ad-venture.

MARY'S TOLL:  $7 - (3\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 4) = 3$  left over.  $3 - (1\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 2) = 1$  left over.  $1 - (\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = 1) = \text{none}$  left over.



### ACROSTICS: Deferential

Emerald  
 Telephone  
 Zestfully  
 Emblems  
 Renown

Want something good to read this winter? Then get "The American Girl"



*This is the new Singer De Luxe Library Table Electric. When not in use, it becomes a piece of fine furniture, a desk or table in harmony with its surroundings in any room.*



## *A New Dress for the Party.....*



### *The New Singer Portable Electrics*



Here is one of the most popular of all the new Singer models. Light, compact, can be easily carried in one hand upstairs, downstairs, to any room in the house. Simply connect with any light socket, or floor plug, set it on any table and sew. Equipped with genuine Singer motor and "Singerlight". When not in use, set it away on a closet shelf or in any corner—requires only 8 by 17 inches of space. A perfect Singer—guaranteed for long, efficient, satisfying service.

**H**OW much more you enjoy a party when you go arrayed in a fresh new frock! And you wear it twice as proudly when you plan and make it all yourself. Then you can have just the right color, just the right dainty materials and trimmings, just the little flare or jauntiness you love. It is every bit your own—distinctively becoming—different from any the other girls will have—the prettiest dress of all!

Once you might have thought you never, never could make a lovely frock yourself, but now the Modern Singer Electric has made all sewing a delight. You will find it so simple and easy to use, so quietly swift, so eagerly responsive to your slightest wish, that merely to sit before it is a temptation to sew. And when you arrange your materials and gently press a lever with your knee, the perfect even stitches form like magic. Or add easy-to-use attachments and you can trim your frock with ruffles, tucking, bindings, edgings of lace, more perfectly than by hand and in one-tenth the time.

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home that you can use for a few days, in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

Every Singer Shop is ready always with instruction, repairs, supplies and courteous, expert service. When the Singer representative comes to your home let him tell you about this service Singer maintains in your own neighborhood, wherever you live.

### *Ready! "How to Make Dresses the Modern Singer Way"*

If you would know how delightfully easy it is to make smart clothes for yourself, get a copy of "How to Make Dresses the Modern Singer Way". It is a practical step-by-step guide to the swift creation of lovely frocks, prepared by Mary Brooks Picken, America's foremost dressmaking authority. Simple, easy-to-follow instructions, with more than 100 illustrations. Worth many times its small cost. Only twenty-five cents at any Singer Shop, (see telephone directory for nearest address) or send twenty-five cents, coin or stamp, to Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dept. 41-Y, Singer Bldg., New York.

## *The New* **SINGER ELECTRIC**



## **SEWING MACHINES**

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*For a hot,  
nourishing meal*



Place two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a saucepan, cover the bottom with water and let simmer until mixture thickens. Serve with milk or cream, adding butter, salt or sugar as desired. Send for our free booklet "Health in Every Shred". It gives many other new and pleasing cold weather recipes.

THESE are the days that call for energy food. Shredded Wheat, with its proteins, carbohydrates, bran and vitamins, provides natural protection against chilly weather. Heat the biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness, serve with hot milk and add salt or sugar to taste. You will enjoy a flavory, warming and digestible breakfast.

Eat Shredded Wheat every day this winter. It's the all-weather, all-year health builder.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.  
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